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JOHN BULL

Vol. XII. No. 312 | SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1912. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

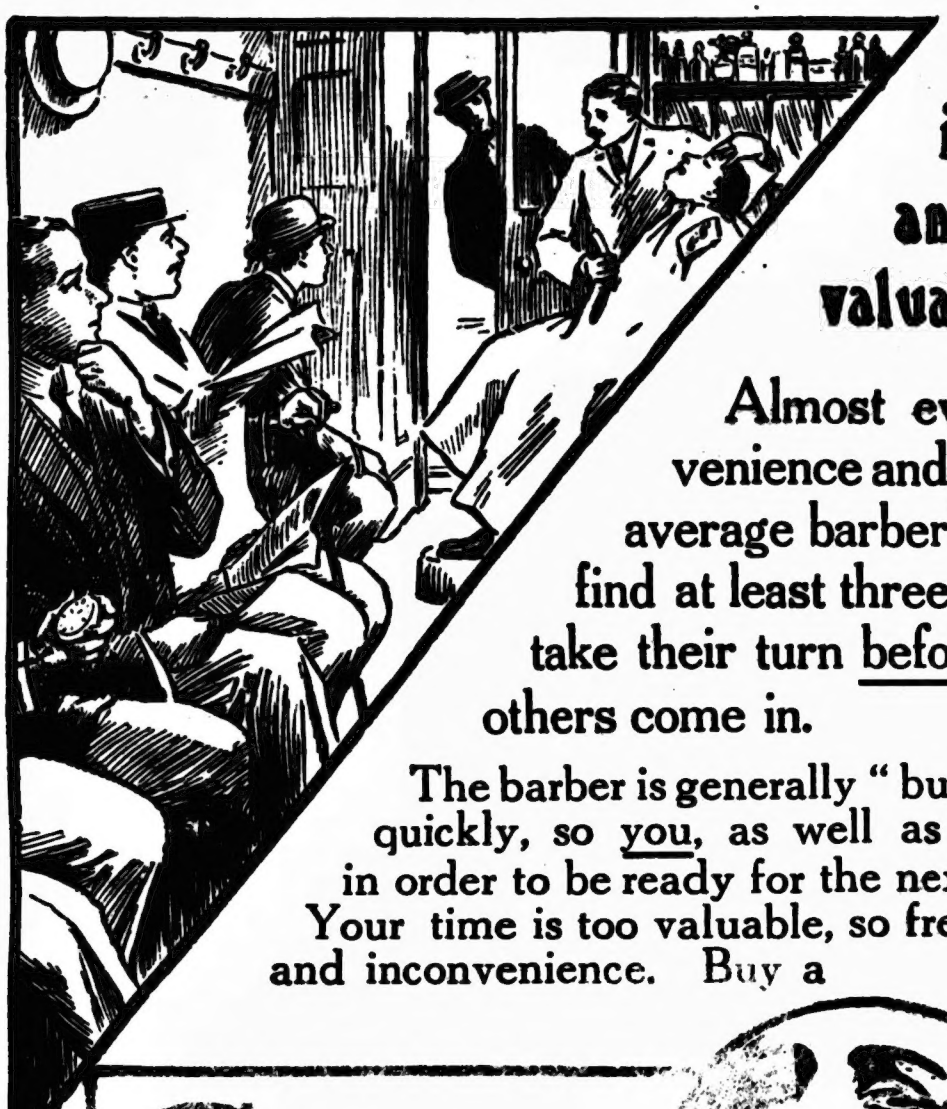
A POPULAR SONG

Words and Music

WITH EVERY COPY - - -
THIS WEEK.

NOW ON SALE.
BUY IT NOW.

MRS. BULL. ONE PENNY.



"Waiting to be Shaved" is a perpetual source of annoyance and waste of valuable time.

Almost every man knows the inconvenience and discomfort of a shave at the average barber's. Nine times out of ten you find at least three or four other "waiters" to take their turn before you—and while you wait, others come in.

The barber is generally "busy"—He must get his work done quickly, so you, as well as others are "rushed" through in order to be ready for the next.

Your time is too valuable, so free yourself from all this trouble and inconvenience. Buy a

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The CLEMAK Safety Razor is BRITISH MADE—simple—strong—durable. The CLEMAK Complete 5/- Outfit consists of Triple Silver-Plated Frame (beautifully finished), Self-contained Stropping Handle, and Seven Perfect Blades (these blades are made of the Finest Grade Sheffield Steel, hardened and tempered by a Special Electric Process); the whole contained in a case, size 2 ins. by 3¼ ins.

We also make a specially finished case containing twelve carefully selected CLEMAK Blades, an extra heavily silver-plated CLEMAK Frame, CLEMAK Stropping Machine, and a superior Velvet Hide Strop.

Price Complete 10/6.

Obtainable from Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or post free direct from CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Buy a CLEMAK Safety Razor To-Day — and it will prove your friend for life.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XII. No. 312. Week ending Saturday, May 25th, 1912. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.
All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO LONDON READERS.

EARLIER PUBLISHING DAY.

Commencing with our Issue for the week ending JUNE 8th, the London and Greater London Editions of JOHN BULL will be published on

WEDNESDAYS INSTEAD OF THURSDAYS,

as hitherto; and we hope shortly to be able to expedite the publication of all Editions throughout the United Kingdom.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

SOUTH HACKNEY.

On another page we say what we have to say about our late constituency and ourselves. The circumstances which led to our somewhat sudden decision were of a purely domestic character—May 15th being a somewhat important date in our relatively unimportant life.

OUR BEST THANKS.

The *Daily News and Leader*, in indicating the various walks of life in which, if we had only been a good boy, we could have distinguished ourselves, is good enough to say that we might even have "made a name as a journalist." We are much obliged for the suggestion; we will seriously think over the idea of adopting the profession, and shall be grateful for any practical hints. Meanwhile, we will carefully study the *Daily News and Leader*, and endeavour to acquire the necessary style. Thus, we note that "Sam Loates sent up a draft of his horses to be sold"; that "Leach's stable is out of luck just now"; and that "Hall Cross cut up badly, and for the moment the three-year-old form is higgledy-piggledy"!

GERMANY'S BLUFF!

When Ministers were expressing their confidence in the good faith of Germany in regard to further naval expansion, we warned them not to be bluffed, and said that further ships would undoubtedly be laid down. Now comes the news that she is to have three more Dreadnoughts, with various other additions to her naval strength. So that Mr. Lloyd George's surplus of 6½ millions will be wanted after all.

THE NEW AMBASSADOR.

This suggests to us that in welcoming the Kaiser's new Ambassador, the first thing which a Business Government would do would be to intimate to him in the most friendly, but at the same time firm, tone that we should like an explanation of why Germany requires these additional ships. It is nothing short of madness on the part of the Government to permit them to be built. We use the word "permit" deliberately.

PRIVATE MEMBERS' BILLS.

Again we have an illustration of the way in which the average Private Member utilises his opportunity for constructive legislation. Our late honourable friend, Mr. Gershom Stewart (we presume we must use that phrase now), after having been successful in the ballot, last Friday introduced "The Feeble-Minded Persons Control" Bill. We would give the names of his backers, but the law of libel is *so* uncertain.

GETTING ON.

Lord Mersey is evidently having his faith in the Board of Trade severely shaken, and is gradually coming round to our way of thinking. When the Captain of the *Mount Temple* was under examination he was asked whether his boats were fit to stand a heavy sea, and replied, "Oh, yes—they were passed by the Board of Trade." "That," commented Lord Mersey, quietly, "may be a very different thing." Such a remark, from Lord Mersey, means a lot.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

FORM AT A GLANCE.

In addition to the *Daily News and Leader*, we will also study the *Sportsman*, and endeavour to learn how to spot winners. For instance, here is the Special Commissioner saying: "I should have had a better hope of Cylgad winning the Derby than I have at present, had he been named Gadshill instead of representing a meaningless combination of two syllables. There have been astonishing few Derby winners who were not fairly well named." After this, who shall ask, What's in a name?

TWO QUESTIONS.

By the way, are Messrs. Cadbury responsible for the first contents bills of the *Daily News and Leader*—"The Best of Both"—from which we are entitled to assume that the Racing column of the *Leader* comes within that category? And, may we ask, how comes it that our contemporary was able to print particulars of the sales of its first joint issue the day before it went to press? We are merely anxious for wrinkles.

OUT OF TUNE.

Apropos of the *Titanic* disaster, a writer in the *Nautical Magazine* points out the disquieting fact that the wireless instruments carried by the British warships are not "tuned" to the same key as those with which merchant vessels are equipped, and that consequently, though a man-o'-war may be within easy reach of a merchant vessel in distress, it cannot hear her signals. He suggests that the wireless instruments used by the Navy should now be tuned in harmony with the rest. But of course there is the objection that secret communications between warships might be read by any vessel within range possessing the code.

"THE I.P.A."

By which we mean "The Independent Political Association"—a kind of burlesque of the John Bull League. Whilst heartily in sympathy with its objects, we thought it necessary some months ago to warn our readers against what we described as "Amateur Missionaries"—and now we understand that for all practical purposes the Association is no more.

A "TITANIC" FUND SUGGESTION.

One of our readers, who calculates that the total amount subscribed should yield approximately £400 to each necessitous victim, suggests that a portion of the sum should be invested in the purchase of cottage property, each family receiving two cottages of the weekly rental of 4s. each, and that the balance of the Fund should be invested in sound securities, the proceeds being applied to the apprenticeship of the offspring of the widows and to a sick and burial fund.

THE BOARD OF TRADE AGAIN!

The Board of Trade has invariably studied the interests of the shipowners to the detriment of every other interest. In 1906 the Government brought forward a new victualling scale to obtain the support of certain of the Labour members. To appease the shipowners for this slight and needful alteration, which was likely to cost them a little, the Board, in March of that year, again at the instance of another Advisory Committee largely domineered by the shipping interests, allowed the load line and Plimsoll mark to be raised, so much so that some vessels were actually allowed to load seven inches deeper than before, and in fact carried, of course, more cargo.

THE NEXT BIG STRIKE.

We place this in the late autumn—about the time that Parliament will rise for its "summer holiday."

HEAR! HEAR!—

We are delighted to have the support of the *Daily Mail* in our protest against the idea of the *Titanic* Funds being permanently locked up for the benefit of paid officials:—

> There must be no hoarding of the principal after the unhappy and unpopular plan followed in the case of the Patriotic Fund, and it must not be frittered away in office expenses and staff pensions.

We strongly commend this sentiment to the Lord Mayor and his friends.

AND LOUD CHEERS!

And we must applaud our distinguished contemporary for having at length ranged itself on our side against the Party system:—

> It may be that the fundamental unreality in our political life is due to the curse of Party, which divides the country and obscures or destroys the sense of duty to the nation in the individual mind.

Altogether, the Party politicians are having a bad time of it just now.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

According to the *Daily Telegraph's* report of the second reading debate on the Welsh Church Bill—

> Mr. Smith made a brilliant speech, in which he not merely spitted Mr. Griffith, but pinked Mr. McKenna and Mr. Lloyd George again and again. But after that the fighting was over. The Under-Secretary for the Home Department made a most feeble and halting reply.

Lest, however, the innocent man in the street should take this as gospel truth, it is only fair to tell him that, according to the *Daily News and Leader*, "When Mr. F. E. Smith finished his speech against the Welsh Bill he sat back, flushed not with success, but with failure"—"whilst the Under Secretary for the Home Department, improved on his first reading speech—and was a thorough success." Or he may turn to the *Daily Chronicle*, and learn that "it cannot be said that Mr. Smith's speech was worthy of his reputation." We are not sure that the Party Press is not as big a public danger as the Party politician.

MEDICAL GRAB.

The British Medical Association have learned their lesson from the other trade unions to some purpose. In every possible direction they are so obviously out for grab that at the next meeting they had better adopt a new motto, "All for us and damn the rest." They are now on the way to steal from the qualified pharmacist dispensing under the Insurance Act. What is more, from what we can see, the pharmacist is taking it lying down. The result in many instances is going to be that they will next squeeze, or attempt to squeeze, the poor insurance patient. Why doesn't the pharmacist arise and kick?

THE "INFAMY" OF AXHAM.

Following the British Medical Council, the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh have struck off the rolls Dr. Axham, whose only sin has been that he declined to cease assisting Mr. Barker, the eminent, but unlicensed, manipulative surgeon. Though reporters were refused admission to the tribunal, it is common ground that, as in London, Dr. Axham was declared guilty of "infamous conduct" on the same set of facts. Between them, therefore, the British Medical Council and the Royal College of Physicians have done their damnedest to prevent Dr. Axham from earning his living at a profession for which he has and is qualified. It is, in our opinion, and probably in the opinion of the general public, a scandalous misuse of their prerogative.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

A MATTER OF TASTE.

The Rev. Bruce Cornford, to whose recent description of Nonconformity as "the religion of the cad," we recently referred, takes us to task in his Parish Magazine in the following Christian spirit: Our journal "is both dull and vulgar," and "no more represents John Bull than a costermonger or hairdresser would." He thinks, further, that our comments may have "delighted a few ignorant dissenters," and "again repeats his view," which he puts in large capital letters, that "Dissent is the Religion of the Cad." What a rumpus there will be when he meets his Nonconformist brethren in Heaven!

HAMBURGERS.

The King of Denmark was the kindest, cheeriest, most sporting and unassuming of monarchs, full of friendly mischief, with an acute sense of humour. Everyone who knew him will feel sad about his death. Some of them may feel angry. A Hamburg doctor called Seeligmann saw his Majesty ailing in the Goose-market, went up to him and was told, "I am staying at the Hamburger Hof." Presently the King fell, and Seeligmann found the pulse had stopped. Instead of taking him to the Hamburger Hof, the doctor told a policeman to convey his Majesty to a hospital, and thence to the public mortuary. Why?

FAT IN THE FIRE AT DEWSBURY.

One of the Dewsbury aldermen, Mr. P. B. Walker, has been putting the fat in the fire, the cat among the pigeons, and the fox in the hen-run. It seems that at a meeting of the Borough Council a member wanted to know whether the riding knickers and boots for the mounted police were to be bought out of town; whereupon the alderman, who is a gallant major of local warriors, said that for his part he would not think of getting his own riding breeks in Dewsbury, as there wasn't a tailor in the town who could make 'em. This is generally regarded as a horrible slander, and the galloping major looks like getting boiled in oil. If he is anxious to save his life, he had better go to the most likely local tailor he can think of and order two pairs of the very latest.

THE BISHOP'S BURDEN.

In his appeal at Grosvenor House on behalf of the Bishop of London's Fund, Dr. Ingram said that without the laity coming shoulder to shoulder, the crushing burden imposed by four millions of people would be impossible for him to bear. It is news to us that four million people have imposed any burden whatever on his lordship. If we rightly remember, he voluntarily accepted from Lord Salisbury his £10,000 a year situation, with a palace.

SUNDAY SURPRISES.

The advertisements in the Sunday papers are a liberal education. There is a lady who wants to share a flat because she is lonely. In another column she offers to teach English to foreigners. Evidently she feels her loneliness very acutely. Then we have:—

ORCHESTRA FEMINA.

LADY WIND, string, percussion required (for augmentation and reserve); finest executants only.

A male fortune-teller describes himself as a clairvoyante. A young Parisian lady offers French lessons and mentions as an inducement "next to nursing home." "German and *French* are taught by experienced qualified German." Fancy going to a German to learn French! Judging by some of the advertisements, loneliness must be next door to ungodliness.

SALFORD WHIST DRIVE CASE.

There is not a doubt that the defendants in the Salford Whist Drive prosecution have a grievance against the local Corporation and police. The room in which the drive was held is Corporation property, which was let to them under a specific clause in the lease for dancing, skating and whist drives. On the assumption, therefore, that their right under the lease would be uninterrupted, and that as other whist drives were being carried on in the neighbourhood—notably at Pendleton Town Hall, the Car Depot, and the Salford Police Club—their own drive was legal, they advertised it a month beforehand. Yet at their first drive the police visited the hall and informed them they would probably be summoned, as in fact they were. It looks as though they were tricked by the Corporation, and specially selected for prosecution by the police; but why were not the Corporation joined as defendants for permitting unlawful gaming on their premises? Will the Town Clerk of Salford be pleased to explain?

WHIST DRIVES AND CHEATING.

What is peculiar is that while public whist drives seem to have been made illegal in Salford they are to be legal in London, though apparently conducted on much the same lines. No doubt the Court of Appeal is right in saying that a whist drive is more a game of chance than a game of skill; the best players do not win; the worst often do; and it is common knowledge that the score-faking going on is an element consistently against skilled and honest players—an element, too, sometimes unfortunately winked at by promotors. Check cards are no check at all. Any two players can arrange to give points to the other side if they lose nothing themselves by doing so; thus the fake, for one, of swopping scores. There is no more moral harm in a whist drive conducted by honest people, be the prizes what they may, than there is in playing nap or cribbage for nuts. The whist-drive sharpers, men as well as women, being the evil, our advice to those who attend public drives is to denounce such people wherever they find them, in the interests of an innocent public amusement. If the Lord Chief Justice and the Archbishop of Canterbury were to sit down to a game of whist in the private house of either of them and play for a penny a rubber, they would not call it unlawful gaming, nor would it be. A whist drive for a grand piano or a suite of furniture is technically different, that is all.

POOR FUND.

The poor of Norwich will not wax fat from the offertories of St. Stephen's Church. Here are some comparisons during recent times:—March 31st, Poor Fund, 4s. 7d.; April 4th, Poor Fund, 1s. 10d.; April 5th, Jews Society, £3 5s. 3d.; April 14th, Poor Fund, 2s. 2d.; April 21st, Poor Fund, 3s. 7d.; April 25th, Poor Fund, 11s.; April 28th, Poor Fund, 3s. 11d.; April 28th, London Jews Society, £3 10s. Possibly the poor of Norwich are few, but the Jews we have with us alway.

WELL DONE!

We are delighted to notice a change in those of St. Matthew's, Kingsdown, Bristol, for the year ending Easter—the largest collection of any, amounting in fact to £83 9s. 5d., being for the sick and poor of the parish. If the vicar, the Rev. Frederick Glanvill, will accept congratulations, we gladly offer him ours.

OUR SUMMER ANNUAL.

This will be for the Summer Holidays what *John and Mary* is to Christmas time. Don't forget to order it when the time comes.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 662.

The Tailors' Strike.

The tailors' strike in London is another instance of the grip the alien has over some of our British industries. Except in its higher branches, the decline of the apprenticeship system has killed tailoring for Britishers and left it to foreigners—to Poles, Germans, Yiddishers, Frenchmen, Austrians, Belgians and Lithuanians. The employment of these men, in large parts penniless emigrants or refugees of doubtful character, has led to a vast deal of sweating. Their conditions and pay have, however, been much improved of recent years. The West End masters employ alien tailors round and about Soho. They are a better class than the East-enders, and, of course, earn much higher wages. They have as much right to strike as any other body of workers, with this difference in the chances—that new suits are not a national necessity. We don't eat them, and for a year, at any rate, we can do without them. Practically the strike is a fight between the masters and the men, and, Piccadilly and the Park excepted, nobody need be very much concerned about that.

What a Worksop Vicar Bars.

"Oh, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun!" The Rev. G. J. A. d'Arcy, who is the Vicar of Worksop Priory Church, recently addressed his congregation with reference to ways and means for enlarging the church and restoring the Lady Chapel. One of the congregation suggested that the scheme should be a wider one. "No," exclaimed the vicar, "I bar that. There is some money I would not touch, though I would take it for other things. The money of some of those millionaires who went down in the *Titanic*, for example, I would not look at." It looks like a case of the fox and the grapes.

The Norddeutscher Lloyd.

From sixteen passengers of the s.s. *Cassel*, Capetown, we have received a round robin, dated April 13th, containing the following complaints. The *Cassel* is taking about 900 men, women and children emigrants to various ports in Australia. "We Britishers aboard are paying in the majority of cases the full passage money, £16. For this money we are getting open berths, which consist of four decks, two aft and two forward, each one of which contains an average of 140 men. With regard to the food, this continued fairly decent till we entered the tropics. From April 3rd till the present date the meat is practically bad, and is sent away from the tables untouched, though the captain and officers all maintain the food is good. Even the Germans and Dutch aboard agree with us it is not, and they are preparing a protest to send to Berlin, London and Holland." The protestants say they write to us "in the hope that other emigrants will in all cases book their passages on British steamers and not on German ones." Let us add, however, that they should be careful to choose the right British steamers.

Another Converted Jew.

One of the Hebrews recently returned from a visit to Jerusalem, tells us that while he was there he met a young Jew employed as a carpenter by the Christian Mission. Turkey is now enlisting soldiers wherever she can get them, it seems, and this young chap, as a Turkish subject, was called up. As he did not want to fight he applied to the Mission for assistance. They provided him with £10 to get out of the country, but before the money was paid over he had to agree to be converted to Christianity. Thus is another bad Jew made a worse Christian. Still, no doubt somebody made a profit on the transaction.

A Clerical Snob.

Apropos of the alleged intention of the Great Western Railway Co. to abolish first-class compartments on short-distance trains, the Rev. T. G. Carew, Hillside, South Brent, South Devon, rushes into print with the statement that "this forcing passengers accustomed to live in sweet and wholesome surroundings to herd with the unwashed and very often strongly malodorous things that one meets in a third-class compartment is nothing less than an outrage." Our rev. friend has at least the courage of his snobbery. There must be thousands of vicars and pale young curates travelling third in this country, apparently without much hurt. Occasionally, indeed, third-classers have the honour of the presence of a Bishop or a Dean. Evidently our rev. friend is not only a superior person but a superior parson, and is by no means ashamed of letting the railway company and the congregation know it. And yet Mr. Harwood, M.P., said, the other night, that the Church appeals to the people!

The Methodistical Slump.

The Wesleyan synods are meeting in about thirty districts of the country with a view to discover what is the matter with Wesleyanism—evidently in rapid decline. Membership is not only decreasing, but is consistently decreasing. We do not think it needs a synodal inquiry to discover the causes. Methodist Wesleyanism, or Wesleyan Methodism, stands for Puritanism and dead theology. In its attitude to life, as men wish to live it nowadays, it is two hundred and fifty years behind the times. In its attitude to theology it is half a century behind the times. As to the one, it stands for what hardly anybody wants, and, as to the other, for what hardly anybody believes. It has neither breadth, nor insight, nor foresight, nor in the sense of true Christian ideals, upsight. If it took the big human view it might flourish. As it is, it is on the way to join the lost tribes of Israel.

How the Kaiser Must Smile!

Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous explorer, corroborates our views about the hopelessness of French efforts in Morocco. Simple arithmetic shows that, the Chawia province having taken two years for partial subjugation, more than sixty years would be required to bring the other thirty provinces under control. And that is to assume that the French could hold out so long. As a matter of fact, their resources are already exhausted. They cannot spare any more men for Morocco, they have to guard the frontiers of Tripoli, and the best they can do in South-West Algeria is to launch a force of one thousand men to attack sixty thousand martial Moors, who are entrenched in impregnable fastnesses. The French, as well as the Italians, have bitten off more than they can chew.

Emerson on Party.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognise all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.—(From "Intellect.")

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 682.

RUNCIMAN DAY BY DAY.

The President of the Board of Agriculture—upon whose extraordinary display of learning regarding the technicalities of Johne's disease (but which malady he was unable, when challenged, to define) we commented at the Queen's Hall meeting—continues to "put his foot in it." The other day, he was questioned regarding any representations he had received on the subject of trawling for herrings. He answered in the usual ministerial way, from a paper prepared by his subordinates, to the effect that the Board have for some years past obtained regular Returns of the quantity of fish landed at English and Welsh ports. His interrogator pursued him with the enquiry whether the Returns include Scotland; to which he replied that he "would not like to answer for the Scottish Office." The inquisitive Member continued: "Then does it exclude Scotland?" Mr. Runciman: "No, sir, I did not say so." We leave our readers to solve the real meaning of the reply.

SEELY'S SUNDAY.

Because Colonel Seely has arranged that Sunday rifle shooting will not be indulged in by the Territorials except for the essential purposes of securing military efficiency, it should not be rashly assumed that our gallant and illustrious friend has joined the Methodists, the Hard Shell Baptists, or the Free Wees. The new Regulation is tactical, not religious; and when in full working order it will mean that if attacked at any time on Sunday the Territorials will not start to shoot until Monday morning.

THE AUTUMN SESSION.

Members are furious at the prospect of having to return to Westminster in October; but they may derive a little comfort from the fact that, having got Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment up to the Lords, the Government will take things quietly next year whilst the two Bills are incubating under the procedure of the Parliament Act. The Franchise is to be next year's special dish. But there is the Strike.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

A victim, who had had a throat operation, received a dun from his doctor, and replied huskily that he would pay if and when his tonsils were replaced.

WAIF: "I WONDER WHAT REWARD WOULD BE OFFERED IF I WAS LOST?"

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For stating, in an article published in the "Strand Magazine," that among things left behind by patrons of the Haymarket Theatre was "a neat parcel which, upon opening it, was found to contain a framed photograph of an extremely pretty girl with lovely EYES, AROUND WHICH WAS CAREFULLY WRAPPED A LARGE PAIR OF WHAT HOSIERS TECHNICALLY TERM 'GENT.'S KNITTED NIGHT-SOCKS,'"

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that one of her characters in a story published in the "Story-Teller," "STOOD *for a second listening, then* SPRANG TO HIS FEET *and darted, swift as thought, down the stairs,"*

Mrs. BARRY PAIN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The men who DIED IN 1852 *off the coast of Africa were* AMONG *those who helped to save the passengers of the 'Titanic,'"*

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For placing in the mouth of one of the characters in his story published in "Cassell's Magazine of Fiction" the following: "A sailor's life has its risks; she (his sweetheart) might have been made a WIDOW BEFORE *she was a* WIFE,"

CAPTAIN F. H. SHAW
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "So far the FUTURE *seems to have gone on pretty well as it liked,"*

"RAMBLER" (*of the "Coventry and Warwickshire Graphic"*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting a "whip," who is accompanying to Germany a pack of hounds collected for the Kaiser, as stating that "there was no lack of FOX-HUNTING *in Germany. In fact, it was not unusual to* SHOOT 100 *in a day,"*

THE SHEFFIELD DAILY INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Sellars, of Dukinfield Old Chapel, had the remarkable bowling analysis of FOUR *for* NO WICKET *against Ashton Albion,"*

THE MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating, in its account of His Majesty's visit to Submarine D4, that the vessel "*STEAMED *slowly seawards,"*

THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that: "*MAY 17TH *is the date assigned in the calendar for the celebration of Chestnut* SUNDAY *at Bushey Park and elsewhere,"*

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For speaking of "the Irish AMATEUR PROFESSIONAL *Championship (Golf) Tournament,"*

THE DERRY STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED.

We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 682.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S MESSAGE.

FAREWELL TO HIS LATE CONSTITUENTS.—HINT OF EARLY RETURN TO PUBLIC LIFE.

Mr. Bottomley has addressed the following message to the electors of South Hackney :—

FRIENDS,—

"I have to inform you that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has this day appointed you to be Steward and Bailiff of the Three Hundreds of Chiltern."

Such was the communication which reached me on the morning of Thursday, May 16th, 1912. It read, at first, as though, despite all my shortcomings, the Government had, at last, recognised in me some claim to office, and that in future, like Mr. Acland, Mr. Masterman, and other eminent statesmen, I should be entitled to sit on the Front Bench and "lay" my feet on the Table of the House. But what it did mean was that, after further consideration, I had decided to relinquish my seat in Parliament for a time, devote my chief energies to the rehabilitation of my own fortunes, and, incidentally, in my capacity as a public journalist, to continue my campaign against the sham and impotence of our present political system.

I will not enlarge upon the sharpness of the pang which has followed my decision. For fifteen years South Hackney and I have been so closely associated that our names have, in political parlance, become almost synonymous. Whatever my faults, I have given the constituency a distinctive place amongst the units of the House of Commons, and I do not view without deep concern the prospect of its once more sinking into the oblivion of Party. But I am powerless at the moment to prevent it. And I can only leave it to you to give your votes to that one of the two candidates now before you who, in your judgment, is best qualified to represent you. It is not for me to attempt to influence you. They are both men of business training, and that is something in their favour. Personally, as an elector for the division, I shall put aside all their Party cries and ask myself the simple question—which of them is the more in touch with the practical problems of the day.

Perhaps when the excitement of the present contest is over, we may meet now and then, as of old. I should be sorry to think that my relations with the constituency were really at an end. The bond which unites us is too close and enduring for that to be possible. My friends of Hackney Wick, Homerton and London Fields are too near my heart. Their devotion and sympathy during recent troubles have been overwhelming. I shall always cherish them in my memory, and I want them to sometimes give me a kindly thought.

I scarcely trust myself to read some of the messages which reach me. Here is one, for instance, from a Clergyman, well-known to all of you—*"For God's sake and the People's, don't resign. Your day is coming."* And, you know, I have not been a particular friend of the clergy! But I must not dwell on these things. I must recognise the logic of facts—and I must leave you. Whether our political separation will be long or short, temporary or permanent, it is impossible for me to-day to say. *But do not be surprised at anything which happens.* Meanwhile, think of me as a man who, heavily handicapped and much misunderstood, gave the Twentieth Century a new conception of politics—*the Business of the Nation.* And when, as time goes on, you find that definition recognised by the country at large, you will not be ashamed to remember that South Hackney's member was its author.

I am sorry, too, to leave the House, where, despite the fact that in a sense I was never quite of it, I have made many friends—as the scores of letters received by me testify. And they are from members of all Parties—most of them expressing the hope that we shall soon "meet again." I hope we may, but what changes the next few years may have in store, even in the constitution of the House, is a subject I will not speculate upon to-day. I will content myself with reiterating the view I expressed at the Queen's Hall, that Parliament, as at present constituted, is a decaying institution, and that if we are to hold our own in the race of the world, it will have to be superseded by a National Assembly, composed not only of lawyers, philosophers, lay preachers and temperance advocates, but of level-headed men of affairs—who will regard the House of Commons not as a Mission Hall, but as the Central Committee Room of the Empire. It may well be that such a change will be the outcome of the present spirit of social and industrial unrest; and that there will then be a place for me in the service of the State.

In the meantime—health permitting—I shall continue, according to opportunity, my campaign against the cant and ineptitude of the existing Party system, and for the establishment of a Common-sense, Business Government for a Common-sense, Business People. The strain and struggle of recent years has been severe, and Nature has recently given me more than one warning that, in the almost single-handed battle, I have made a too liberal demand upon her. But a little rest—and perchance a little peace—and I hope soon to be again in the fighting line. With the John Bull League and a million weekly readers of my journal at my back, and with an experience of the world more comprehensive than that which falls to most men, I hope to become a factor in the moulding of public opinion.

Every man has the defects of his qualities, and he who throws himself, as I have done, against the rocks of Convention—Political, Ecclesiastical, Legal and Commercial—must of necessity, as I explained at my recent meeting, not only adopt unconventional methods, but must also be prepared for bruises, and I have had my share. I have been badly mauled, but I do not think the injuries are mortal. A strong constitution, and what my doctor calls an abnormal power of recuperation—coupled with a philosophical temperament—may enable me to pull through—and then you will hear of me again.

In a sense, my life has been a tragedy. Who knows but that it may yet develop into a romance? To you, my faithful constituents, I may speak without reserve. AND I TELL YOU THIS—*I am undergoing a great mental and moral searching*—beside which the sordid investigations of the Law Courts sink into nothingness. I know not whither it is leading me. As unorthodox in religion as in politics, I will not speak of the voice of God; but I will speak of the call of Destiny. Every day—every night—as I told that big meeting at the Queen's Hall, I hear it; but as yet the message is indistinct. Perhaps one result of my passing through this fire of trial and tribulation may be that my senses will be more attuned—and I shall understand. I have said that it seems to say—"MAN wanted," perhaps I should have said "MEN," for as Napoleon once exclaimed—"Good God, how rare MEN are." Let us listen together till the cry grows louder.

Meanwhile—Good-bye, and in the fullest sense of the words, God bless you, one and all.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

"A MILITARY OUTRAGE."

MILITARY MARTINETS FLOUT MAGISTRATES' ORDER.

Twelve months ago we devoted considerable space to the "baiting" of Staff-Quartermaster-Sergeant Stickney by certain military officers. This non-commissioned officer (as will be seen from what follows he is now a civilian) was a man of intelligence, and he had the splendid audacity to claim his rights under the Vaccination Act of 1907. Stickney is a married man, and was successful in obtaining in this country four Exemption Orders for his children. Then the trouble commenced. The Military Authorities, it appears, enforce vaccination, so Stickney was deprived of warrant rank because he was "wanting in tact and judgment." By way of further punishment he, his wife and children were ordered to South Africa; presumably so that he would be out of the limelight. The Medical Officer on the transport wished to vaccinate his four children, but the father presented his Exemption Orders. On arrival at Cape Town he was placed in arrest and charged with "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." His wife and family were not allowed to live with him, neither were his children permitted to attend the military school. The result of his trial by Court Martial was that he had to lose five years' seniority. During the time that he was in arrest his family were treated with such brutality that his wife fell into a state of collapse, and to prevent any futher ill-treatment he consented to his children being vaccinated. Broken-hearted, he for a time became a mere automaton. Then, Mrs. Stickney became the mother of a fifth child. At this period the father was under arrest once more for a trivial offence, and when his new-born child was ordered for vaccination by the R.A.M.C. Officer, the prisoner forwarded a written statement that he wished to avail himself of the Act. That did it! He was at once sent to the Insane Ward. It is a wonder he wasn't ordered to be shot, or pole-axed! There seems to have been one broad-minded Medical Officer, however, in the district, for Stickney failed to pass the standard test for insanity. But the military martinets were not to be done. A strict medical examination was ordered, and eventually Stickney was discharged from the Army "medically unfit." Nine days afterwards he was examined by a civilian doctor for a berth in Singapore. And this is a copy of the certificate:—

> This is to certify that I have examined Mr. H. B. Stickney, and find his sight, hearing, heart, lungs, memory, physical development, and his general state of health good.

Another good man has been hounded out of the Service.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

AUTHORITIES TRYING TO BLUFF THE MEN.

The second Battalion Coldstream Guards find it difficult to keep up to strength, so a circular has been issued to the men pointing out the bad state of the labour market and the advantages accruing to those who remain with the colours. With the general principle of the circular we are in accord, but when it is said that "a man may also earn a pension of from 8s. to £1 a week," we think that it is playing the game very low. The Commanding Officer of the Coldstreams knows as well as we do that only a very small percentage of his men are allowed to serve for pension.

THE WIFE'S RETORT.

The two following notices appeared in the *Guernsey Evening Press* of May 15th:

> I, the undersigned, Ludovic Hurel, of Les Padins, in the parish of St. Saviour, declare that I shall not hold myself responsible for any debts which may be incurred by my wife, née Marie Mapihon, residing at Beauregard, Bailiff's Cross.
>
> L. HUREL.

> I, the undersigned, Marie Hurel (née Mapihon), of Beauregard, Bailiff's Cross, in the parish of Saint Andrew, wife of Ludovic Hurel, of Les Padins, St. Saviour, declare that I have no wish to incur any debts whatever and that all business done by me in the future as in the past will be for cash only.
>
> MARIE HUREL.

MARCONI MURMURS.

SOME GRUMBLES AND THE COMPANY'S REPLY.

The recent attention which has been directed, in consequence of the *Titanic* disaster, to the conditions of working of Marconi telegraphists has resulted in our receiving several letters of complaint. Summarised, the allegations of the men are that they receive "a miserable pittance" from the Company, the proportion of operators getting £1 per week and over being exceedingly small, and this despite Mr. Marconi's statement that the salary is from £1 to £2 10s. per week. It is pointed out, also, that the shares of the Company are standing at a huge premium. For the first week or ten days after leaving England, it is alleged, it is by no means unusual for an operator to have but two or three hours' rest each night; the men urge—and recent events certainly support them—that it should be made compulsory for every vessel to carry two operators.

Another grievance is that the Uniform allowance has in some cases recently been stopped, the few shillings added to the salary not compensating the men fully.

The reply of the Company is that they have never received a single complaint from any one of their many operators, who, so far as they know, are very well satisfied. The young men come to them for instruction, during which period they receive a nominal remuneration of 5s. per week. As soon as they obtain their certificates they go to sea at a salary of 20s. per week and all found—which, it is said, is the equivalent of at least 37s. 6d. per week. Subject to good conduct, they get an annual increment of 2s. 6d. per week each year for the first four years—so that after three years' service they begin to receive 30s. per week and all found. The increment is then raised to 5s. per week, until a salary of 55s. per week and all found is attained. There are, subsequently, open to them appointments as travelling inspectors at higher wages.

The allegation that for the first week or ten days after leaving England they get but two or three hours' rest each night is, the Company asserts, quite untrue. It is admitted, however, that it may occur on occasions that a lad has a busy time at nights, but it is said he gets plenty of time for rest in the course of the twenty-four hours. He also gets considerable leave on shore, during which time he is paid full wages. The Company agrees that the busy periods of the men would be less if each vessel carried two operators, and they entertain no doubt that the near future will see legislation in this direction.

The supply of uniforms was discontinued at the request of the operators, and the Company believe that the men had the best of the bargain.

In comparison with the Post Office land telegraphists, the Company assert that the Marconi operators are very well paid and treated indeed.

So there are the two sides of the picture.

"FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED."

COLLINGS AND CO.'S MEAN THREAT.

It will be remembered that in a recent issue we commented upon the extraordinary advertisements inserted by Messrs. Collings and Co., Emigration and Colonisation Agents, of Rosemont Parade, North Finchley, for men for the Canadian and Ontario police forces—though it subsequently appeared that no such advertisements had been authorised by the heads of the forces. The reader who brought the facts before our notice was a policeman, who naturally desired that, as his name was in no way essential to a statement of the facts, it should not be mentioned in the matter—especially as he would probably have got into trouble with his superiors were they made acquainted with his endeavour to better himself. Messrs. Collings have now addressed to him a letter in which they say, "As you appeal to the public at large, it now remains with us to place the whole of your correspondence with another paper for them to show the whole story, and this time we shall not omit the name of the writer."

By-the-bye, Messrs. Collings and Co. have not yet favoured us with the name of the place in Canada where the men *were* actually required.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 682.

LESSONS OF THE "TITANIC."

BY A SHIPPING EXPERT.

The Board of Trade, as Mr. Bottomley has so often pointed out, is an absolutely defunct and obsolete combination of permanent officials, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and "the Speaker of the Irish Parliament," and is under the leadership of a political head whose appointment to control the most important Government Department of the country is a haphazard selection, dependent on the political exigencies of Party, and has no connection with his qualifications or otherwise for such an office.

The Board of Trade Surveyors are supposed, in the cases of ships carrying over twelve passengers, to pass each vessel annually for her Passenger Certificate. A large fee is charged for such survey, which is carried out *solely* by an *Engineer Surveyor*, who has to deal not only with boilers and engines, but with hull, lifeboats, life-saving appliances, navigation instruments, and, in fact, with the whole equipment—no shipwright or practical surveyor who understands such matters as the construction and fitting up of a vessel being considered capable of surveying for a Certificate! The duties of the latter are confined to tramp steamers, overloading, and petty details.

The first accident I wish to comment upon is that to the s.s. *Delhi*, off the Straits of Gibraltar, with the Duke of Fife on board. This vessel had no doubt been recently passed by the Board's surveyors, but what do we find? The charts were obsolete and had not been corrected, and the boats were in anything but a satisfactory condition.

THE "OCEANA."

Then followed the sinking of another P. & O. steamer, the *Oceana*, and here we really have some light thrown upon the reliability of the Surveyor of the Board of Trade. The *Oceana* left Gravesend, on a new voyage, at two or three o'clock on a Friday afternoon. The vessel was passed by the Board's Surveyor as fit and proper to carry passengers. Her boats should have been inspected, surveyed and examined, all the gear seen in them, and they should have been tested to prove their seaworthiness, and that all the lowering gear was in order; it should also have seen that the lifebelts were in their places. Doubtless a survey had been held, but as the shipping paper, *Syren and Shipping*, very correctly stated in a recent article, there had evidently been a good deal of "wining and dining" going on. This vessel (the *Oceana*), within twelve hours of her leaving her home port, proceeding down Channel at 14½ knots, off Eastbourne met a German sailing vessel which was bound up Channel to Hamburg. What happened? The officer, as was described at the Admiralty Court, did everything he should not have done, and actually, by his and the pilot's action, subsequently crossed the sailing ship's bows and caused the collision for which the P. & O. will, of course, have to pay. But what also happened with the lifeboats, which should have been passed by the Board of Trade? The first one lowered, full of passengers, jammed in the falls, the after-fall hung up, and the craft was capsized, eighteen persons being drowned. The second boat which was launched leaked so badly that the passengers, soon after they got in, were seen sitting up to their knees in water, and, as no bailer could be found, took off their boots and emptied out the water. Then the Chief Officer ordered the "accident boat" to be lowered, with the third officer in charge. He was instructed to look around and pick up the drowning passengers. What occurred? I take this officer's own evidence. The boat was filled with some eight passengers, seven stewards who had no right there, and the purser, who should have remained and looked after the passengers, and when he got in the water his crew could not pull it. He was afraid to pick up the drowning, as the boat was leaking so badly, and eventually he had to empty his sinking passengers on to the Eastbourne lifeboat. And this, bear in mind, was the boat specially kept as an "accident boat," to be lowered at sea in case of a man falling overboard; and it had been passed by the Board of Trade Surveyor!

In the *Oceana's* case there seems to have been great confusion about the life-buoys, which could not be found, although the Board of Trade should have seen they were properly fixed, and with Holmes lights attached. It also appears from the evidence of Mrs. Scott, a second-class stewardess, that if the ship had sunk even a long time after the passengers had got on deck, the second-class women would have had no lifebelts.

Now let us look at the terrible case of the *Titanic*, and the loss of 1,503 persons, of which 154 were women and children. In this instance the Board of Trade have been compelled, not by their own initiative, but by public feeling and by the questions of Members of Parliament, to appoint a Wreck Commission, and we have an array of legal talent and Board of Trade officials set to work by the Board of Trade to inquire into the culpability of the Board of Trade! What a ludicrous proceeding! Had it not been for the prompt action in America, when Senator Smith took the bull by the horns, stopped the "shanghai-ing" of the crew out of New York and held an inquiry there, and had not Mr. Bottomley and others insisted in the House of Commons on the investigation here being held at once, we should, in the usual course, have waited two months or more for any action to be taken. Then a police magistrate, assisted by two naval gentlemen as assessors, would have held a hole-and-corner inquiry in a small room at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and the matter would, as far as possible, have been hushed up. What has happened? Lord Mersey, a late Admiralty Judge, and previously counsel in the Admiralty Court, whose whole business was given to him by shipowners, and who was on the whitewashing Jamieson-Raid Committee; two estimable gentlemen connected with His Majesty's Navy; a merchant service master, and an engineer (not very well known, to say the least of it); with Professor Biles—best known by Londoners as the designer of the notable L.C.C. steamers—are constituted the Court. Professor Biles has, with his assistants, designed a large number of Channel pleasure steamers, all of which are notoriously deficient in boat accommodation.

Are we ever really likely to get at the truth as to the culpability of the Board of Trade? Up to the present, although I have watched the inquiry most carefully day by day, not one question has been directly asked by the representatives of the Board of Trade with the object of eliciting the absolute inadequacy of the boat accommodation, or the responsibility of the permanent officials.

PLEASURE STEAMERS.

Even now, the Board have refused to alter the Regulations for the various pleasure steamers and cross-Channel vessels. Do the public realise what the present boat accommodation of this class of steamer is? The *Clacton Belle* and *Koh-i-noor*, both vessels carrying about 2,000, are each required to have three boats capable of carrying 60 persons in all; *La Marguerite*, which carries 2,700 all told, to have six boats under davits, with capacity for 255 persons. The Calais—Dover and other cross-Channel boats, and the vessels carrying excursion passengers all round the coast, are just as inadequately supplied.

The "Advisory Committee" of the Board is dominated by shipowners and shipbuilders interested in cutting expenses, and hence putting just as few boats on board as possible. When Mr. Bottomley called attention to the lack of boat accommodation on the *Olympic*, this Advisory Committee met, and actually for all practical purposes did not increase but lessened the boat accommodation for vessels fitted with water-tight bulkheads.

But, apart from the number of boats, it appears that the officials of the Board took little or no trouble to see that they were really properly equipped with the little gear that is required. On what principle the Board require only four out of all the boats on board any steamer to be supplied with a lantern, compass, mast and sail, axe, &c., is inconceivable.

As regards collapsible boats and life-rafts, these after being passed and accepted by the Board, in the case of the *Titanic* all turned out useless, and little better than death traps. Yet even in the light of the *Titanic* experience, the Board officials passed a quantity of such boats, some ten years old, collected off troop ships and forwarded them to the *Olympic*!

Now as regards the capacity of the boats. The Board reckon the number of persons by the cubical contents—a peculiar system of their own—but it has been proved that if the boats are loaded with the full complement they will barely float in a calm sea.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 652.

"THE WHITE SLAVES OF JOURNALISM."

BY ANOTHER SCRIBE.

[*Following the article in our issue of May 4th, the material below is placed at our disposal by a journalist who has been seriously handicapped in his professional duties through what is known as the "restrictive agreement."*]

Although your contributor rightly dilates upon the smug unpleasantries of weekly provincial journalism, has he, may I ask, experience of the London weekly Press?

For some six or seven years I was acting as one of the responsible sub-editors on a celebrated London trade weekly. Rumour had it that one or other of the larger companies promoting literature for the million would step in and run an opposition. In consequence, the only opposition paper then in existence was immediately purchased, and a form of "agreement" was issued by the proprietors of the parent paper under which the staff undertook not for a period of three or five years (mine was for five years) to join any other papers conducted as *The* . . . . was then or might be conducted—on the basis of a *week's notice*. I, being an old member of the Institute of Journalists, refused to sign such an arbitrary agreement, and sought counsel from the secretary of the Institute. His reply was to the effect that the agreement would, of course, not hold water in a court of law, but there was just the point that when once a thing was signed—well, it was signed!!! I refused to execute the aforesaid agreement, and two months after—the first of a New Year—told my autocratic chairman that I felt that if I were worth binding not to go elsewhere for five years after leaving him, I was worth a little more remuneration than £3 15s. per week, which was the princely salary I was then drawing, starting, let me tell you, at ten in the morning, working all day at sub-ing, and doing dinners and concerts and things like that till, say, midnight or some time after. The chairman, needless to say, did not agree with my contention, and, although his son, the editor—one of the finest men, let me say, that I have every worked under—was very sympathetic, I consequently decided to resign.

On a three months' basis I gave my notice, and in the following Easter resigned. Almost immediately I joined one of the largest firms in this or any other country, and after a good deal of consideration it was decided to run in opposition to my former employer's. Trade was bad, and we could get little advertising, and as an outcome the paper (the new opposition) was sold *to my former employer*—the aforesaid autocratic chairman—and was amalgamated with the opposition he had previously purchased, as already mentioned.

To-day there is a monstrous monopoly in a very big trade—the two papers now catering for it, whilst ostensibly opponents, are really under one and the same control. The entries at Somerset House will prove this statement. (And let me say that if the Editor of JOHN BULL would like to reproduce the text of the particular agreement referred to above I shall be happy to place the original document at his disposal, in order that unwary journalists, particularly those from the country, shall not be deceived.)

What happens? The old paper relinquishes my services, a new paper is started, and I not having the capital must bow to the inevitable and "clear out" through the order of the capitalist—although I have fought a wise and good fight to assist my colleagues on the staff and those who might come after me.

But now as to the Institute of Journalists.

As I have said, I had been a member for some time, and sought their assistance,—which I must say was very graciously given at the time.

Judge of my amazement when, some year and a half after my severing my connection with the "autocrat" in question, I found that *he was elected a member of the Institute* and ranked on an equality with myself!

I should like to know my position were any disturbing matter to be raised by me against him, and he and I to meet at the same court of inquiry at the Institute.

In conclusion, let me say that I do not think your correspondent "Scribe" goes far enough.

"FLOATING HELLS FOR CATTLE."

A CATTLEMAN'S CONFIRMATION.

Our recent exposure under the above heading has brought us a great deal of correspondence, mainly confirming the charges made. The following may be taken as a fair sample of the many communications we have received. It needs no comment:—

Your article about cattle boats is not nearly strong enough. I sailed as cattle-man, to work my passage from Montreal to London last year. The life on board is hell on sea. I have seen the cattle-men, from laziness and to beat the men on the other side of the ship, give water to every second animal only, and a powerful kick on the soft part of the nose to make him draw away from the water before being half-satisfied; the other poor beasts going frantic to be at the buckets of water, lowing like mad and getting kicked by the ignorant hobos something cruel to make them keep in whilst the buckets were being carried past them. Talk of refined cruelty; our supply of buckets (wooden ones they are) soon ran short, for the men smashed half of them by swinging them across the noses of the cattle, with curses to them to keep back. I had to take the job filling the buckets after a day or two, as I could not bear the dreadful sight at such close hand. The man who carried the chopper (used for bursting bales of hay) in each gang could always be seen, and—oh heavens!—heard, giving the poor, patient beasts such sickening thuds on the head and nose because they reached forward their heads to plead for food and water, or because they upset the bucket when the ship rolled, or two trying to get into one bucket at the same time. And the hayfork: will you believe me when I tell you I have seen a man stick it so far into a sick bull that he could hardly draw it out again, it being stuck fast? Each hayfork on the ship was steeped several hundred times in flesh and blood on that voyage, but, mind you, not with the regular cargeman's knowledge. It was the ignorance and wantonness of the bull-pushers. I intended to tell a long story, but it is too horrible.

WHINE FROM THE WOOD.

"It is surely better to get drunk once a fortnight than to take drink habitually every day."—*Mr. McKinnon Wood.*

Little "spots" of whisky,
Little "goes" of gin,
Drank habitually
Play the deuce within;
Wine, and beer, and brandy—
Alcohol, in short—
When partaken daily
With most harm are fraught.

Moderate imbibers,
Ye who daily quaff
Spirituous liquors,
Wine, or 'alf an' 'alf,
Break your deadly habit
Of diurnal pegs,
Though you're never seen un-
Steady on your legs.

Better once a fortnight
On the booze to go,
Though your orgie leads you
To the street called Bow;
Better far a skinful
Once in fourteen days
Rather than continue
In your former ways.

Heed the solemn warning
Of McKinnon Wood,
Drop that daily tipple
With your daily food;
Have a good old soaker
Twice a month instead,
Though the morning finds you
With a swollen head.

W. M.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

BEHIND THE VEIL OF LONDON LIFE—VI.

MAGDALENS' INCOME AND EXPENDITURE—PARASITIC WHITE-SLAVE FLAT OWNERS AND THEIR AGENTS—FUTILITY OF THE "PREVENTION OF IMMORALITY BILL."

By Our Special Commissioner.

[This week we continue what is proving to be a startling series of articles by Our Special Commissioner, giving the result of an extensive investigation, upon which he has been engaged for some time past, into the hidden life of London—the Modern Babylon. We shall do our utmost to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the most fastidious reader, but the story we have to tell is a solemn and momentous one, and will, we trust, be of inestimable service to the community.]

To resume my story of the two Magdalens. Last week I promised to go into the items of income and expenditure, with special reference to flats and flat owners.

Before me as I write I have hundreds of letters. They are all carefully classified and endorsed. Some of them are from men cursing me for what they term "showing up the game." Others are from wives urging that I will advocate the licensing and localising of these girls. Some, from those who batten on the flesh and blood of the unfortunate creatures, threaten me with violence. One goes as far as to say I should be "pole-axed."

The gross income of the average Magdalen of the type I described in the last issue is £1,000 a year; and I have previously stated she is a lucky girl if she can retain her good looks for a period of five years, after which she very quickly sinks to the lowest depths of misery and poverty. That there are a few who become apparently well-to-do women cannot be denied, but if their lives are probed it will be found that in many cases they are carrying on an illicit trade in younger members of their sex.

Flats, Agents and Landlords.

Now let us look at the expenditure. The first essential is a flat. "But surely," I fancy I can hear some of my readers say, "it is difficult for a single girl to get a flat without a reference." Not a bit of it. There are several ways of doing it. First, there is a certain class of house and flat agent who does a roaring business in this line. Of course, he does ask for a reference; but if the girl cannot get one he can soon put her in the right direction. This will cost her a guinea. Flats such as I described in my last article range from £250 to £300 a year, furnished. The first quarter's rent is usually demanded in advance, together with a guinea for the agreement and a substantial deposit for electric light, &c. Flats at somewhat less rental may be had at Bloomsbury, Maida Vale, South and West Kensington, and on the Surrey side of the river.

There are other ways, however. These girls may obtain a flat without bothering an estate agent. I have above referred to the faded lady who is apparently leading a respectable life. This is how some of them eke out a living when their charms no longer attract. They rent, probably, as many as a dozen flats, furnish them, and then sub-let to their more youthful sisters. The Post Office telephone book contains many such names. These women usually collect their rents weekly, and woe betide the girl who cannot pay up! Let me for a moment revert to the "Prevention of Immorality Bill." It provides for the punishment of all those who knowingly live upon immoral earnings. Now I claim that if the gentleman who introduced this Bill and those who backed it were thorough, they would have inserted a special clause with reference to the owners of notorious flats and also the agents who let them, and who undoubtedly "knowingly live" upon the immoral traffic.

Some of these flats are specially constructed for their purpose. One large block I have in my mind is situated close to Leicester Square. Here we find front and back entrances, which are used to obviate suspicion and recognition. I know the astute manager, but the landlord up to the time of writing I have been unable to find. Sometimes there is a scare and these dens are placed under "observation" by the police, but whenever this takes place due warning reaches the flat wirepuller, the girls get notice, and everything is in apple-pie order until the observation is withdrawn. I repeat, if the Bill were a complete one it would specially provide for the prosecution of the parasitic white-slave flat landlord.

Other Parasites.

Now let us recapitulate the other items of expenditure. Most of the porters in the flats have to be bribed by the girls. The sum varies according to the number of "visitors." Next on the list of parasites come the "bullies"—from these the girls cannot escape. They cling like limpets. These vermin are well known to the police, but there is a difficulty in dealing with them owing to the fact that unless a girl has pluck enough to openly make a charge nothing can be done. I once asked a woman who had paid one of these scoundrels a couple of sovereigns why she did not prefer a charge, and her answer was illuminating: "If I were to do such a thing," she said, "my life would be made a living hell. It's bad enough now, but were I to get one of these beasts convicted, I should be hounded for the rest of my life. No matter where I went I should be watched and followed." I am informed on the very best authority that these pests have a sort of organisation, and that its plan is international. If things become too warm for them in this country they go abroad—and *vice versa*. Here, again, I claim that the Bill before Parliament is lacking in courage. I have mentioned that the police know these men quite well. Why does not the Bill provide for their arrest? If they were honest men it would be easy for them to prove how they obtained a living. As the law stands, I am aware that a man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. That is good law for the ordinary citizen, but in the case of human vermin who take advantage of the law's technicality, an exception should be made.

Another serious item of expenditure for these girls is dress, and here again they are the victims of the bloodsucker; there is a fraternity of tallymen whose sole business is carried on amongst them. They call at the flats and force their goods. Of course, the prices of both clothing and jewellery are at least 50 per cent. higher than shop prices. Ready cash is neither asked for nor desired. The tallyman calls weekly for his payments, and his game is to never let the girl get free from debt. Should she fall ill, and consequently be unable to pay, then the things are taken away from her and stored until such time as she is able to again wear them on her body and resume "work." Surely the most despicable cads on the face of the earth are these parasites of the horrible white-slave traffic.

Another item of expenditure which has to be reckoned with is the Bohemian supper-room. This is the final rendezvous of the night. It is here the girl has the best chance of picking up what she terms a "good catch." The man up from the country "on urgent business affairs" invariably lays himself out for *one* "night," and after he has "done" the theatre or music-hall goes to these places. Of course, she is frequently "lucky" in being freed from expense by her "friend," but I am not far out when I state that the supper-room takes from her purse on an average £2 to £3 a week. There are other items of expenditure which I could mention, but I think I have given sufficient to show that the whole of the girl's £1,000 income is taken from her almost as fast as she gets it. I think I have also proved that behind all this horrible traffic in human flesh and blood, there are huge vested interests.

Next week I shall deal with other portions of the Bill with a special reference to parents.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 662.

OUR AGONY COLUMN.

AN UNTRUSTWORTHY SERIES OF PERSONAL, PRIVATE, AND PUBLIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

By RICHARD MORTON.

IF MISS CHRXSTXBXL PXNKHXRST will communicate her present whereabouts to the Attorney-General (or Scotland Yard) she will hear of something GREATLY TO HER ADVANTAGE.

STANDARD BREAD.—PUBLIC NOTICE.—The whole of our stock of literature on this subject, samples of bread, flour, etc., and all other the paraphernalia employed by us in booming this commodity, TO BE GIVEN AWAY to the first applicant, we having no further use for the same. Apply, with pantechnicons, Carmelite House, E.C.

NOTICE TO GARDENERS, AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.—We are also disposing of our entire stock of literature, seeds, booklets, entry forms, and other articles too numerous to mention, employed by us in engineering the SWEET PEA craze. Having retired from this business, no reasonable offer will be refused. Address, Carmelite House, as above.

TO GRANVILLE BARKER, Esquire, and all Others Whom it may Concern.—THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that I am not, never have been, and never will be, a STAGE PLAY according to the Act. Anybody hereafter calling me one will do so at his peril. (*Signed*) LITTLE TICH.

THE MAYOR OF ISLINGTON acknowledges with thanks the receipt of ONE FARTHING from DR. S. The coin will be treasured as a memento of happy hours at the Albert Hall.

WILL ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS communicate with publishers announcing if he will accept dedication of new edition of famous song, "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer"?

TO GUNSMITHS, ARMOURERS, CUTLERS, AND OTHERS, wishing to dispose of surplus, shop-soiled, discarded, or useless weapons.—The ULSTER ARMY is open to treat for the supply of these in any quantity and any condition. No new goods required, but the things must look shiny. Weapons must not be dangerous to handle. Anybody with guns that won't shoot and swords that won't cut can find a ready market. *Must be cheap.* State quantities and price per cwt. by letter to Sir E. Carson, Lord Londonderry, or Captain Craig.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—I hereby give notice of the impending Dissolution of Partnership between State and Church in Wales. Notices of claims and liabilities to be given to the latter; all profits, emoluments and sums due or to become due to be paid to the former.—Given under My Hand: D. Lloyd George, 12, Downing Street, S.W.

SECOND-HAND CROWN, SCEPTRE, ORB, AND OTHER REGALIA WANTED, CHEAP.—Will be paid for in Irish notes directly they are engraved. THRONE also required; must be substantial. Letters from Monarchs and others (strict confidence) to J. Redmond, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

LOST.—*A Morning Leader.* Last seen entering Bouverie Street, since when it has Disappeared. Anxious for daily news.—Captain Coe, *Star*, Stonecutter Street, E.C.

POSTPONED.—I hereby give Notice that the Reform of the House of Lords is postponed *sine die*, and will not be proceeded with until further notice, which must not be expected in a hurry.—H. H. Asquith, 10, Downing Street, Westminster.

"WON'T STICK STAMPS."—Enquirer seeks the origin of this old, curious, and forgotten phrase. Anybody able to explain same will receive thanks of *Enquirer*, c.o. *Daily Mail.*

JOHN & MARY'S SUMMER ANNUAL.

BEING A SPECIAL HOLIDAY VOLUME ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF "JOHN BULL" AND "MRS. BULL."

Replete with splendid Stories, Sketches, Jokes, Holiday Hints, etc., etc.

Something for everybody—not forgetting the children.

Beautifully printed on glazed paper with artistic coloured wrapper.

Price One Shilling. *Ready in June*

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXCV.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

A CLERGYMAN'S APPEAL.

A clergyman in the South of London recently made an appeal in the local press for a very sad case, and as the response only realised half-a-crown he asks us if the readers of JOHN BULL can do anything better in the matter.

We therefore reproduce the letter which appeared in the local press:—

A CALL FOR CHARITY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—May I beg the charity of your readers in a particularly sad case? Mr. Link, who recently opened some small refreshment rooms at 377, Garratt Lane, became insane shortly after he had begun business there. He has been removed to the asylum, and there seems no hope of recovery. His wife and children have been left without any means whatever. She is struggling to carry on the business; the Guardians have taken over the charge of two of the children, but help is urgently needed for the wife and two children in order that she may be able to gain a livelihood. The case is such a peculiarly sad one that I feel sure those who have it in their power will gladly render some assistance. I shall see that any money entrusted to me for that purpose is laid out to the best advantage.—Yours faithfully,

BENEDICT, C.SS.S.

S. Gregory's, Earlsfield, S.W., May 9th, 1912.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the "Human Documents" named:—

CXCII.—K. and G., 1s.

CXCIII.—K. and G., 1s.; J. A. R., 2s. 6d.; "Algoa Bay," 2s. 6d.; J. A. C., 3s.; "Pangbourne," 20s.; E. A. N., 2s. 6d.

CXIV.—"Nuggett," 2s. 6d.; A. B., 10s.; W. M. R., 2s. 6d.; "A Father of Five," £5; "Sympathising Parent," 5s.; O. E. D., 6d.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist in this work. We defray all expenses of every kind, including the cost of special investigation.

LONDON.—Mr. F. Bridge, 176, Union Street, S.E., ½d.; Mr. Chas. Butcher, "Admiral Hawke," 191, Jamaica Road, 3d.; Mrs. Catford, 116, New Kent Road, S.E., 1d.; Mrs. A. H. Catherine, "Cherry Tree," Bermondsey, 9d.; Mr. E. H. Wesley, "Castle," Old Kent Road, S.E., 2d.; Mr. F. W. Pile, 33, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., 4s. 2d.; Mr. H. Royal, 107, Bermondsey Street, S.E., 3d.; Mrs. Beare, 440, Southwark Park Road, S.E., 2d.; Mr. W. R. Talbot, Boro' Market, S.E., 1d.; Mr. F. Huggins, Brunswick Arms, Stamford Street, S.E., 1s. 2½d.; Mr. W. J. Ball, Printer's Arms, Lower Kennington Lane, S.E., 9½d.; Mr. H. Ault, 7, Albany Street, S.E., 2d.; Mr. P. Backer, 256, Walworth Road, S.E., 7d.; Mr. W. H. Deathe, 1, Marshalsea Road, Southwark, S.E., 2d.; Mr. G. F. Hall, "Black Horse," 234, Tabard Street, Borough, 1s.; Mrs. E. Marks, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, S.E., 10d.; Mrs. G. Napper, "Beresford Arms," Beresford Street, S.E., 1d.; Mrs. R. Lyon, 40, Old Kent Road, S.E., 1s. 4½d.; Mr. J. Green, 82, Abbey Street, S.E., 1½d.; Mr. F. Pavey, 63, Long Lane, S.E., 2d.; Mr. E. H. Gilbert, George Canning Hotel, Effra Road, Brixton, 7½d.; Mr. A. Chaplin, Angel Tavern, 83, Lambeth Walk, 3s.; Mr. A. Moore, Coach and Horses, 348, Clapham Road, S.W., 6d.; Mr. J. J. Gomm, Bedford Arms, 23, Blandford Street, Marylebone, 1½d.; Mr. H. G. Eteson, Brewers' Hall, Charrington Street, Somerstown, 3d.; Mr. Phillip Samuels, "Camden Stores," 78, Park Street, N.W., 5½d.; Mr. A. H. Lloyd, "The Assembly House," 298, Kentish Town Road, N.W., 9d.; Mr. M. J. Corolan, "Crown," Prince of Wales' Road, N.W., 3d.; Mr. B. Barney, 154, Kentish Town Road, N.W., 4s. 6½d.; Mrs. Wartman, Butchers' Arms, 256, York Road, N., 1s.; Mr. E. Morgan, The Blackstock, Morgans Corner, Finsbury Park, N., 2s.; Mr. J. Beckstidde, 59, Hargrave Road, Upper Holloway, N., 1d.; Mr. H. Beeching, 243, Junction Road, Holloway, N., 8d.

LEEDS.—Mr. J. Fowler, North Tavern, North Street, 2d.; Mr. G. Hurst, Hairdresser, 33, Lady Lane, 4½d.; Mr. E. Frain, Hairdresser, 21, Pontefract Street, 9½d.; Mr. S. Alban, Hairdresser, 7, Camp Road, 3d.; Mr. G. Sedgewick, Mason's Arms, St. James Street, 3d.; Mr. J. T. Rothwell, Cemetery Tavern, Beckett Street, 2s. 6d.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. P. Heffron, Soho Street, 1s. 6½d.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. Lowe, "Baltick" Inn, Hope Street, 1s.; Mr. E. Berstein, Hairdresser, 5, Sherlock Street, 11½d.; Mr. W. Parter, "Crown" Hotel, Corporation Street, 1½d.

Total, £1 14s. 7½d., of which we have allocated to CXCI., 14s. 7½d.; CXCII., 20s.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

THE LONDON INSTITUTION.

TREASURY'S BRIGAND SCHEME.

By An Old Proprietor.

The London Institution in Finsbury Circus is believed to have orginated from proposals by Mr. G. Hibbert, M.P., in 1805-6; in 1806 it had 950 proprietors and £76,700 subscribed. Its work was first carried on in Old Jewry, and then in King's Arms Yard. In 1807, George III. granted it a Charter; the Corporation sold the Moorfields site; and in 1815 an estimate for £26,000 for a building after the style of the Temple of Venus, at Tivoli, was accepted from Mr. Cubitt; and the Institution was opened on April 21st, 1819. But an unbusinesslike management has caused it to be financially unsound ever since.

In 1820 the managers made excuses for not paying the City Comptroller the purchase money which "they had reason to hope would not exceed £1,500." The next year some proprietors were bought out for £35 per share; in 1829 the letting of the waste land (now, in 1912, still waste!) was "considered." And, in short, ever since the Institution has been a financial failure. A serious agitation about ten years ago led the board to obtain the "opinion" that the Institution was in the nature of a charity. This was followed by the Society of Arts' scheme, which was defeated because it "proposes to hand over . . . to a foreign body without adequate return or compensation to the proprietors" what was then valued at £260,000—the Institution site, its library, and £35,000 Consols!

The present scheme is brewing a storm of opposition to the Government annexation Bill, supported by the Board of Education. Of course, the Institution has been of some use. Besides its educational and scientific work, it was years ago a convenient resort for City bankers, doctors and others. Those days are past, and its objects, work and management are effete. Our great War Lord, Lord Haldane (then Mr. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.), and Mr. S. A. T. Rowlatt, by their "opinion," helped the plot. They advised: "The Institution is in the legal sense a charity; its property and funds are impressed with a charitable trust and cannot be divided or applied to any other purpose than that prescribed by the Charter."

But the Charter says: "The whole property of the Institution shall be vested, and we do hereby vest the same solely and absolutely, in the proprietors; and they shall have full power and authority to sell, alienate, charge, or otherwise dispose of the same as they shall think proper."

Nobbling £400,000 Worth of Property.

The managers forgot that charities not carrying out their proper objects can be taken in hand by the Charity Commissioners, empowered by Parliament to frame schemes for their proper administration. The board also forgot that charities are to an extent exempt from rates. But the "opinion" enabled the sinister spoliation scheme to go on merrily, until now (under the specious guise of a School for Oriental Languages, recommended by the India Office Departmental Committee, with Lord Cromer as Chairman) the scheme is to be rushed through Parliament by a Government Bill and, with a razor at their throats, the London Institution proprietors will be frozen out, Yankee fashion. Not only *property and rights valued at about £400,000 are to be nobbled for less than £25,000*, but this latter sum will be taken out of the proprietors' pockets! And, worse, many proprietors have been deceived by insiders, and induced either to vote for the Government scheme or to sacrifice their shares.

But some will not, without opposition, let the Bill thus pass. They say they are being treated with contempt, hoodwinked and bamboozled; the scheme is preposterous; it is a scandalous seizure kept secret by Whitehall officials; a brigand raid upon their property; and that the Government are not giving proprietors a single farthing for their property, the money being taken from a fund kept in reserve for any possible contingency—and that is a breach of the Charter and therefore illegal.

The facts disclose an attempt to annex property and rights of a value of nearly half a million. Lord Haldane—with his German enthusiasm over University education—and the Treasury, aided by the Government, being intent on getting all this property, it is urged that London Institution shares cannot be treated as having a market value. This is nonsense. The opposite was decided many years ago, when shareholders were bought out for £35 each; and also seven years ago, while even now the ridiculous £25 is offered.

Bedfordian Finance.

John Bull recently asked the Duke of Bedford for light upon his financing in regard to the London University's proposed new site, and stated that for this land, valued by the L.C.C. expert at £125,000, the Duke asked only £375,000! But the Government wanted that site also, and the Duke forced the pace by putting a limit to the time for purchase. But "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

Contrast this with the Treasury methods in the London Institution business—for it shows that when noble lords have a "deal" on hand and want a fancy price for an old picture or curio or derelict estate the Government cannot be too lavish; they absolutely "chuck the money away," and the poor B. P. have to pay.

In 1905, when the Society of Arts wanted the London Institution site, it was fairly valued at £200,000 to £250,000. It now suits the conspirators to lower the price to £100,000!

And proprietors are to be tricked also out of their valuable circulating and reference libraries. The latter, one of the most magnificent collections in the country, has over 200,000 volumes, and is rich in English antiquities and topography; rare German, French, and Italian editions; Arabian and Indian sections; instructive biographical, geographical and historical works—all to be fleeced from the owners and given to other bodies.

The Government's Jockeying Scheme.

This Treasury scheme is claimed to be of Imperial importance, involving immense commercial interests—"the actual trade of the United Kingdom with the countries of which it is proposed to teach the languages in the new School amounts to over £210,000,000 per annum." And the proprietors are also impudently told: "The City houses appreciate the position. . . . The large Eastern firms would be prepared to give their students facilities for attending classes [in the proposed Oriental School] during business hours."

London Institution proprietors, however, ask: "Why don't the City houses concerned in this trade of £210,000,000 a year find the money themselves for such a school, if so much required?"

The scheme which last February startled the proprietors proposes:—

1. To establish by Royal Charter a School of Oriental Languages at the London Institution.
2. To make a Government grant of £20,000 to £25,000 for repairs and additional buildings, and contribute £4,000 a year.
3. To transfer to and for a new governing body the London Institution freehold property, the library, and all other property and effects of the Institution.
4. To appropriate the £35,000 invested in Consols under the Charter "as a provision for the *permanency* and stability of the Institution," and so helped by Government grant "to pay off existing liabilities, provide for existing staff, pay proprietors £25 per share and extinguish their rights after passing the Act of Parliament."
5. To transfer to the Guildhall Library and British Museum "rare and valuable printed books and manuscripts from reference library . . . and the remainder of the books to the new governing body."
6. To discontinue the circulating library.

The schemers say—but being without a guarantee it is not a serious business proposition—they will reserve for "continuing members" the use of a reading and smoking room, and joint use of reference library, lavatory accommodation, etc. For this, "continuing members" must subscribe £2 2s. a year, and when the annual income falls below £170, the rights of the remaining continuing members *will cease*.

It is a regular Yankee freeze-out Government scheme. And the managers intimidate proprietors with the awful threat that, if not carried," the chance of establishing a new School of Oriental Languages in the City of London may be altogether lost"!

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 668.

ANOTHER AMAZING MARRIAGE.

BY WALTER MOORE.

I have always had a sort of a kind of affection for the *Daily News*—dear old soul! The sort of affection one feels for one's ultra-mid-Victorian maiden aunt from whom one has *no* expectations, and who persists in wearing mittens, hangs her back hair up in a wool net, and clings with pathetic constancy to white cotton stockings (somewhat rucky round the ankles) and side-spring boots.

It therefore came as a severe shock to me when I heard of the matrimonial alliance she had contracted, so late in life, with a desperate young Radical like the *Morning Leader*.

Although fully conscious that it was too late, I hurried round—as one so often does when it is too late—to remonstrate with her upon the rash step she had taken.

"My dear Aunt!" I exclaimed, bursting unceremoniously into her room. "I beg your pardon!" I added instantly, "I thought you were my dear old ultra-mid-Victorian maiden aunt, the *Daily News*."

"So I am," she said, positively giving me a sly wink.

"My Aunt!" I ejaculated inwardly.

"That is, I *was*," she added. "I'm married now."

"Your face hasn't altered much," I said, "excepting there's a rather sporty expression in your left eye."

"That's my *Leader* optic," she explained, indulging in a giddy pirouette, which enabled me to see that she had discarded the wool chignon and wore her back hair quite in the fashion before last.

"Great Scot!" I cried, "you'll be getting quite stylish if you go on like this. You'll abandon your white cotton stockings and side-spring boots next, I shouldn't wonder."

"I have already," she retorted, lifting her skirt an inch or two so that I might have optical evidence of the fact.

"But don't detain me any longer, there's a good boy," she added briskly. "I'm just off to the races, and my husband, *Leader*, you know, will be getting impatient."

I positively fell into the nearest chair.

"Races!" I roared. "You don't mean to tell me you attend race meetings? Why, you haven't been so wicked as that for years! If this is what marriage does—well!"

"But I don't *bet*, you know," she hastened to explain. "I only go because *Leader* likes me to. It is my duty to give way to him in little matters of that kind. But I insist upon him not giving any of his old friends tips—a thing he was very fond of doing before he—er—led me to the altar. I have already reformed him to that extent."

"It's all very well for you to talk about reforming him when he has already induced you to take up racing," I said scornfully. "By the way, where is he?"

"I don't mind telling you—*Sub Rosa*, mind. He's sulking because I won't agree to his canvassing 'the trade' for liquor advertisements. He mustn't rush me too much."

This finished me. I indicated as much.

"You look faint," she said. "I'll get you some brandy."

"Brandy!" I yelled. "I thought you only had cocoa in the house?"

"That was before I married *Leader*," she said, with a simper. "I am afraid I was a leetle *too* strait-laced in those days. *Leader*—the dear man!—has broadened my mind in many ways already. And, do you know," she continued, with a slight blush, "he—that is to say, marriage—has improved my health immensely. My circulation benefited immediately."

I really could not stay to discuss matters of that sort.

WAS OTHELLO BLACK?

("Haply for I am black."—*Shakespeare.*)

Forbes Robertson made him of birch-like hue,
For Henry Irving a darker brown did do,
But Lewis Waller made him "nearly pink,"
And Oscar Asche of rosewood hue, I think;
While ancient Kean and Kemble, Garrick too,
Made him a negro of the blackest hue.
What colour now has chosen Beerbohm Tree
For this chameleon hero?—tell to me.
Go, see "Othello" at His Majesty's—
A cocoa-coloured Arab now he is!

GEORGE RODNEY.

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

[*Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.*]

BY MOORE ANKING.

IPURROO HOUSE;
BALLYFYNE.

DEAR MOTHER,—Ain't it a cawshun what a traveller I'm getting to be? You got no idea how moving about im-proves a person's mind. I've known poor father get off a 'bus on a wet day so's he could enjoy the up-lifting effect of the cool, sweet rain.

Fresh seens of which the poet sings
And pastchers that are newer,
Like all her tit-bits, Nachure flings
Where crack-pots can't endewer.

Mind you, mother, I don't want to complain about you settling down to scrub for the Council, though if you was younger I should most cer-tainly advise you to flee from the froth to come.

S'pose you do keep sober, and s'pose you keep the steps clean and look plessant when the Scrubbing Committee come round to test the soap and ex-amine your flannils. The questchun is, what do you get out of it?

It's all very well to have the Freedom of the Burrow when you're dead, but what's that worth when you only get two shillings a day on full time? Nachural history proves how rabbits have had freedom of the burrow ever since the year dot, and what's the re-sult? They have the add-vantage, but then they're not res-pecktable. Freedom of the burrow ain't everything to look forward to, mother, and it don't follow that you got to con-tent yourself like a rabbit just because you wear a fur tippit and en-joy vejjytubbles in the season.

I been trying to think what you reelly want, mother, and best way to get it. What I say you reelly ought to have, mother, is another shilling a day. How to get it I can't tell you just for the minnit, but when every other way is ex-hausted I should walk into the office and ask for it.

Got different visitors here, mother, fresh lot altogether. I heard Lord Dumchuck say they'd come to die in the last ditch. At present they seem to be middling fit, getting their meals reglar, and having their breakfast in bed.

At times I en-counter them on the way to the bath-room. Such sites! Such archi-teckcher! And such joy-ful noises from the privvacy of the bath-chamber, followed by peels of happy laf-ter. I can't reelly deskribe the joyful noises, but you'd think at times a lot of wet oranges was getting smacked with a shovel.

I happened to meet our guv'nor—Lord Dumchuck—on the stairs one morning when I was helping in the pro-vender de-partment. When he saw the way I was loaded, he said, Who's the bran-mash for, Jane?

Soon's I told him it was for the bald-headed person in the flat hat and knee-trousers, didn't know his name, Lord D. says, Oh Jane, he's a most important digniterry and you must always say his Grace. So I said Why? Has he forgotten it?

George—that's our guv'nor's first name—laughed like anything. Forgotten it, he says, 'pon my word, now you put it that way, Jane, I don't bleeve the old blighter ever knew it. He passed on then, and a good job too. In another minnit I might have upset the shaving-water.

How's Aunt Margaret by this time? Oh but, mother, do you reelly think her fizzical in-tearyer is as bad as she makes out? Bert says a person is just like a ship, if they take too much medsin the lower deck gets all a-wash and then its either touch and go with them or ten to one they found-her. Last time I saw auntie she said that since uncle left her side she'd had to bare her trubble by herself and she thought of getting another cat for com-pany. I s'pose that's cheaper than having the looking-glass repaired.

Shouldn't risk wearing your bombazeen yet, mother. Till the weather changes, flannil before drapery's the motto of

x x x Your doting offspring, x x x
JANE ANN.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

OFFENSIVE ODOURS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective, cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

I remember a bishop giving me his opinion of a certain curate by exclaiming laconically, "He stinks." This, on investigation, turned out to mean that the young man used scent. Evidently, then, one man's perfume is another man's pest. For instance, new-mown hay delights me, but makes some people sneeze. I visited a pet badger the other morning and thought the interior of his shed uncommonly disagreeable, but I suppose the badger's wife and family find the atmosphere quite homely and inspiring. Even so, however, you can have too much of a good stink. Why, even attar of roses is sickening when highly concentrated, while scent-steeped sirens turn men's hearts away from thoughts of love.

Human Cuttle-Fish.

This, however, is only an introit to an inspection of moral odours. Many of us deem it a duty to create stinks by denouncing scandals or reproving wickedness in high places. The result is to clear the air for others, but exposes us to many bad odours. All the bloated sinners whose profits we curtail are at once filled with enmity, cherish grudges for generations, lurk privily at the corners of dark lanes with bludgeons. I know from long experience how easy it is to make enemies and how inconveniently they reappear when least expected.

Vicious Victims.

If you want an easy life, for heaven's sake never ridicule anybody. Mockery is more rarely forgiven or forgotten than any crime in the kalendar. Of course it is a glorious joy to make a man feel foolish, but oh! my dear brethren, how expensive! Riotous living and packs of hounds and harems of smelt-shaped ladies are not in the same street with winged words. When you want to enter Parliament or float a loan or inaugurate an intrigue, it is 100 to 6 on some spiteful victim of your sarcasm moving heaven and earth to thwart your desires. And smell-makers are so sly that they are very difficult to catch and scotch.

Sweet Savours.

There is this consolation, that unpopularity is the habitual portion of the great and good. I should not feel that I had done my whole duty to my neighbour if I did not sometimes stink in his nostrils. "When the children of Ammon saw that they stank before David," they knew they were in for a cold welcome. But a good conscience leaves us indifferent about the opinion of others. So does no conscience at all.

Smellers.

Have you noticed the various ways in which the word "stink" is applied? Naturally, it is of Dutch origin. Hence we allude to a "stinking Dutchman." Again, schoolboys have christened science, or at least chemistry, with the name "stinks." Shakespeare alludes to "stinking law," and would doubtless have extended the epithet to include lawyers if he had lived to the present day. I remember a husband being blamed very severely in a divorce for having called his wife a "silly little stinker." Anyhow the word is too abrupt and ugly to be used, save in a scriptural or mediæval connection.

Stinkards.

The three degrees of comparison seem to be stinker, stinkard, stink-pot. If you doubt this, I advise you to test the words on any offensive potwalloper of your own size, or a size smaller. Dr. Johnson defined a stinkard as "a mean, stinking, paltry fellow," and methought here at last was the ideal insult to apply to a joy-strangler. But B. Jonson, the poetaster, seems to have associated it more particularly with such as are now ycleped "the nuts" or "the boys." "You perpetual stinkard, go," he exclaimed; "talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave." Personally, I should prefer the conversation of an ostler or at any rate that of a fair tapstress (say, my discarded flame, Jane Ann), to that of dour divines or other bituminous brethren. These, in my humble opinion, be the real stinkards, the air-poisoners, whose noses must be pulled instead of blown.

Stink-pots.

And after all, what has a wretched poetaster to say about ostlers? If they are stinkards, is he not himself a stink-pot, for that has been defined as "an artificial composition offensive to the smell." All poetry is artificial and most poets are offensive. Luckily, however, they are not held in high honour among Englishmen. We have no patience with their long hair, unclean thoughts, flabby habits and dreary drivel. Poets, then, are stink-pots. So are qualified quacks, Swiss innkeepers, German barons, professional politicians, stockbrokers, stage manager and many others whom it would be tedious to recapitulate.

The Prize Odour.

I am half inclined to offer a prize for the nastiest smell in the world. Probably most of my peripatetic readers can supply a striking assortment, for smelly smells linger longer in the memory than monuments or landscapes. I remember a man who had not visited Cologne since his childhood. Being asked how much of it was familiar, he said, without a moment's hesitation: "I remember that smell." The Rhine would probably have to be barred in my competition, for everybody would naturally give pride of place to its evil odours. Old French inns would, however, run it very close, and Rome is not precisely a bower of roses. Andalusia has her own particular stinks, but habit may easily endear them to residents. Wherever you go in that gracious province, the air, the streets, the shops, the people, all seem to reek of stale sherry. It is a pungent, penetrating, monkey-house sort of odour with a substratum of chloride of lime, perhaps not altogether unrelated to peat. I like a little peat in the atmosphere, but I have given up visiting the West of Ireland, for I cannot endure the ubiquity of peat. Peat, peat, peat—in your shaving-water, in your boiled mutton, in your hair. The memory of it will haunt me for the rest of my days. Still, it is better than the smell of nigger or kipper or the rancid butter on an Abyssinian's locks or burnt rubber. Oddly enough, the most offensive smells are not the most dangerous. I suppose we close our nostrils instinctively, whereas we scarcely perceive the typhoid-laden gas of a sewer.

Smells for Babblers.

Smells have their uses, particularly at political meetings. Suffragettes succumb to sulphuretted hydrogen even more quickly than they do to real live mice. I wonder why it has never been introduced to the House of Commons, which has long been paralysed by prolixity. And what a splendid antidote to Ulsteria!

The Stench of Sanctity.

A good stink clears the air, may even clear out the Board of Trade. Reforms, like revolutions, are incompatible with rose-water. The best fertilisers are often the most offensive. So you may all cheer up, stinkards and stink-pots of Bethel and the Bar. The meanest of men have their uses, if only as a solemn warning of high helotry. All the same, I am beginning to grow tired of stinkers and stinking. I daresay you are too, if you have read so far. I want to go and live in a garden and eat fruit all day long with the Beloved. Unless someone discovers the elixir of life, I suppose I cannot hope to live more than fifty or sixty years longer. Why then should I not be allowed to enjoy well-earned repose where stinkers cease from stinking and the beery are at rest? It really is a pity that I should suffer from so high a sense of duty, so devoted a zeal for the welfare of my fellows.

P.S.—I wanted to entitle this dissertation "Stinks," for I thought it would catch your eyes if not your noses more readily. But editorial delicacy intervened. However, I dare say you will take my meaning just the same.

Let him that stinketh take heed lest he pall.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

ENORMOUS

CLEARANCE OF FURNITURE.

The goods that constitute this Sale were made by the oldest and most reputable furniture manufacturers in the country, who have been compelled to dispose of same owing to the recent strikes and consequent depression in trade. We have purchased an enormous quantity of every variety, and are disposing of same at less than half the manufacturers' prices. Included also are many high-class pieces from our regular stock, every one of which is of exceptional value and has never been offered at the present price.

AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO PAY PROMPT CASH WE ARE ALLOWING A 10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT DURING THE SALE.

Any article we sell may be obtained on our well-known Gradual Payment System, the payments to extend over one, two or three years at the option of the purchaser. No deposit is required, neither do we add interest or make any extra charges whatsoever.

WE HAVE MADE FURTHER ADDITIONS TO OUR ALREADY EXTENSIVE SECOND-HAND DEPARTMENT, AND HERE ALSO ALL PRICES HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

In order that Country Customers may make a personal selection we will pay their fares to town on all orders of £30 and upwards. Country orders are packed and delivered free.

A SPECIAL SALE CATALOGUE HAS BEEN PREPARED AND THIS WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO FORWARD POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

16.—Large size Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites, as illustrated. Usual Price, £19-19-0 Sale Price, **£16-16-0**

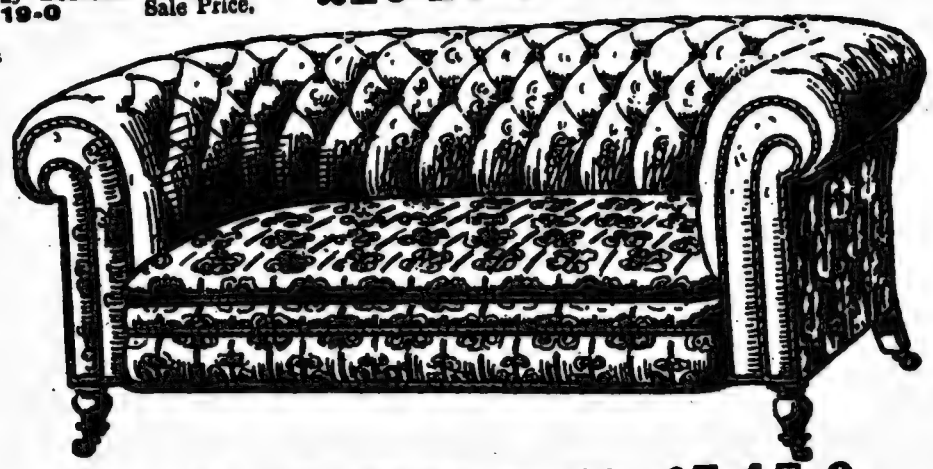
In addition to the articles illustrated the following bargains are on show:—25 Bedroom Suites at £2-15-0, 17 Sideboards in Oak at £3-15-0, 12 Easy Chairs upholstered in Velvet at 21/-, 64 Oak Bedsteads complete with wire springs at 17/6, 19 extending Dining Tables at 35/-, 5 massive Walnut Sideboards at £6-15-0, 18 Louis Style Cabinets at £2-15-0, 106 Oak Bedroom Suites complete at £6-6-0, 93 Oak Bedroom Suites with full size Wardrobes at 8½ Guineas, 15 Chesterfield Dining Room Suites covered in art tapestry, at 9½ Guineas, 26 ditto, covered in Saddlebags, at 14 Guineas. Also large quantities of Plate, Cutlery, China and Glass, Linen, &c., &c.

The whole of this stock must be cleared during the month.

TERMS.

Worth. £	Per Month. £ s. d.
10	6 0
20	11 0
50	1 8 0
100	2 5 0
200	4 10 0
500	11 5 0
1,000	22 10 0
2,000	45 0 0

Or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.



20.—Extra Large Chesterfields, well upholstered and covered with art Tapestry. Usual Price £8-8-0. Sale Price **£5-15-0**

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To H.M. King George.

SIR,—I understand that you have graciously consented to review in Hyde Park, on June 8th, the veterans of the National Reserve, 30,000 of whom will be there on parade. A postcard has already been forwarded to each of the veterans setting forth that they must wear civilian dress with National Reserve badge; medals and decorations to be worn outside the coat. May I make the suggestion to your Majesty, for this memorable day—to give your General Officer the order to fall out every man who is entitled to a medal but is not wearing it. They will number several thousands, and if your Majesty will have enquiries made as to where the decorations are, you will find that they have been pawned for food, many of the men being on the verge of starvation, through unemployment. I am sure that your Majesty will forgive me for mentioning the matter. It is false loyalty which keeps the King in the dark.—Your obedient subject, JOHN BULL.

To Captain Stanley Lord, s.s. "Californian."

SIR,—Perhaps by this time you are heartily ashamed of yourself. Although you were called by the officer of the watch, by your apprentice Gibson, and through the speaking tube, and informed that a vessel was firing rockets of distress, you took no heed of the signal.

No doubt it was a cold night, and it was not pleasant to turn out of a warm bed, to go on the bridge, and drive through the ice. But surely you might have taken the trouble to instruct somebody to call up the Marconi operator, and get him to try and find out what was the matter. Yet on your own evidence you slept on, and largely through your inaction 1,500 fellow creatures have perished.

There is no doubt that your officers saw the *Titanic* (it is quite evident that your vessel was within a few miles of her), and had you acted like a man, turned out at the first call, and driven your ship with all possible speed, you would have been able to save every soul on board.

I fear you are a remnant of an old type of skipper, and it strikes me that your officers were somewhat too timid in expressing their views to you. They should have insisted on your going to the assistance of the distressed vessel. They should have chanced your displeasure, and pulled you out of bed.

Another matter I don't like is the utter absence of any reference to these distress signals in your log book. Was the idea to say nothing about it, had the assistant donkeyman not split?

Your whole action is, to say the least of it, reprehensible and un-British, and if the Board of Trade were a real live business body, I rather think they would take stringent action without waiting for the findings of the Court. You have brought discredit on the fair name of the British marine service. I rather fancy some of my American friends will give you a warm reception when next you reach New York. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, St. Gabriel's, Birmingham.

MY DEAR ADDERLEY,—I was very glad indeed to notice your strenuous protest in one of the Birmingham papers against the silly prosecutions, now popular with the local police, of girls and boys for their boisterous spirits while promenading the streets on Sundays. If the Corporation would adopt your suggestion and provide cheap trams in order that rambling clubs might be organised to take into the country lads who have nothing else to do except roam about the streets, the police and the puritans would be relieved of a vast deal of their annoyance, while the lads themselves, who do not appear to understand that the horse-play and boisterousness which pass unnoticed on Saturday are desperately wicked on Sundays, would be given "a better idea of how to spend their leisure." There must be many people in Birmingham as liberal in their practical support of social pioneering such as this as in their ideas of Sunday as a day of happiness, of recreation, and rest, and if they will help you to make a start, I gather you are willing to go right ahead at once.
JOHN BULL.

To Chief-Constable Pringle, Blackpool.

MY DEAR CHIEF,—Although you have held your position for a month or two only, you are already bringing intelligent reforms into the force. The one day's rest every fortnight for your subordinates will be greatly appreciated; also the recommendation to the Watch Committee to have the remanded and other prisoners conveyed to Preston by closed motor van, instead of being walked through the public streets to Talbot Road Railway Station and thence by train.

You have had no experience as yet of a Blackpool season. You will find that there are hundreds of losses of purses, etc., reported to the police every summer. You will also find from the books that the capture of a pickpocket is a very, very rare occurrence. The united efforts of both plain-clothes and uniform men seem to be concentrated upon arresting obstructionists—vendors of "Blackpool rock" for choice. I am told that the fines inflicted on these street traders come to a considerable total annually, and suggest that a better way of raising money would be to license these hawkers, instead of bringing them before the magistrates—many of whom are shopkeepers—to be tried. The townspeople (that is, the shopkeepers) say their humble rivals are a nuisance, but I, for one, would much prefer to be invited to buy a bar or two of rock than have my pocket picked. Although in the season in Blackpool there are often as many as a hundred thousand visitors, there are but two extra plain-clothes policemen put on, in addition to the six "regulars." Two of these six have been charged with the "running in" of hawkers, two arrested the fair but frail, and the others looked out for the light-fingered gentry. As you are probably aware, at least one hundred plain-clothes men attend the Grand National or Chester Cup, where there are not half the number of visitors who honour Blackpool with their presence in the height of the season.

You will probably be harassed by the J.P. shopkeepers to have half-a-dozen constables continually chasing the hawkers, but remember, my dear Chief, you have a duty to perform to the visitors to your town—so put some of the spare police in plain clothes and place them at each of the railway stations for the protection of the unwary trippere

By-the-bye, in Blackpool bread is not sold by weight—, withthe result that some of the bakery companies pay unduly large dividends. As your visitors are, in the main, drawn from the working class, I look to you to have this scandal stopped. JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor, Boston, Lincs.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me whether it is true, as stated in the *Bakers' Record*, that "a farmer in Boston has been fined £1 for digging in his own garden for worms on a Sunday"? If so, who were the magistrates on the bench? On the bald statement of the reported facts, I should say the magistrates have either had a mental breakdown or they are starting a "new religion." JOHN BULL.

To J. Ramsay Macdonald, Esq., M.P., Leader of the Labour Leaders.

DEAR MAC,—Sorry to have to leave you. Feel sure you will miss me sometimes—especially when, with dramatic gesture, you are threatening the Government with what your "friends" intend to do—*unless*, etc. You know what I mean. My corner seat gave me such a fine view of your cheek—I mean the one with the tongue in it. Wonder where you'll be sitting when I come back!
JOHN BULL.

Keir Hardie, M.P., House of Commons.

Hear you are starting campaign in favour making everybody work except father. BULL.

Churchill, First Lord Admiralty.

Approve supplementary estimates for Naval purposes. But can't you induce Grey to enter a protest against Germany? BULL.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

Much appreciate your plea for "the literature that cheers us up." Had quite enough Blue books.
BULL.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

A VACANCY.

JOHN BULL: "Yes: and badly wanted too!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The *Marconi crash*—if it can so be called—which culminated in four failures on the Stock Exchange and much liquidation, fully confirmed my repeated warnings, and now that some of the reckless speculators have been severely mauled, we may perhaps look forward to more reasonable doings in these shares. I hope that prudent counsels will also prevail in the *Shipping share* market, which is, of course, supported by large capitals. In the meantime, *Oil* and *Copper* shares are most prominent, and likely to remain so, and *Nigerian Tin Mines* appear to be on the eve of a strong revival. On the *Kaffir* and *Rhodesian* markets leading magnates are uttering very encouraging statements as to intrinsic values, which are, no doubt, fully justified, but before the public will come in they will have to show that they "believe dollars"—to use an Americanism—in these shares by giving strong support to the market. *Diamond* mines are firmer, but the most active of these shares are *Diamond Proprietary*, which have risen to 8s. on the proclamation of their farm "Gong-Gong" as a diamond field. When my readers see them now rising still further, they will perhaps remember that I recommended them from 4s. upwards.

Moderate Fluctuations in Oil Shares—But a Good Undertone—The Market of the Future.

The market troubles in connection with the temporary *Marconi* collapse had also some effect upon the oil share market, which, however, resisted this weakening influence very strongly. *Ural Caspians* are still the favourite, although below the best, and *Shell Transports* are not very far under 6, which was their make-up price. Any fresh upward movement would no doubt be heralded by another advance in these companies. In the meantime, it is certainly significant that all the blocks of oil shares which came on the market have been very eagerly absorbed. This applies to most of the *Egyptian* descriptions. *Maikop* shares have been idle, awaiting the result of the boring into the lower strata, but as soon as the output of *Maikop Victory* and *Black Sea Oilfields* improves again, there should be a revival. In fact, the whole of the *Anglo-Maikop* group will probably be favourably affected by the return of Mr. George Tweedy from Russia this week. As regards the rumoured consolidation of *Galician Oil Companies*, the *Premier Oil and Pipe Line*, the *Alpha Petroleum*, and two others, I must withhold further comment until the whole scheme has been published. Apparently it is backed by one of the German banks. As regards the amalgamation scheme of the *Oilfields Finance Corporation*, and the *General Oilfields Finance Corporation*, it is believed by the market that the reason was the desire of the first-named company to gain control of the latter's properties on the Taman and Anapa Oilfields. *Kuban Black Sea* shares have not yet improved on the latest news of the gusher, and it is no doubt wiser to await further developments. The last news from the *Kuban Black Sea* was that well No. 1 spouted three times on Friday, twice on Saturday five minutes, once three minutes. The last two spoutings were clean oil, .900 specific gravity, and they are cleaning the cork. *Mid-European* shares (by the way, not *Mid-European Oilfields*, but *Mid-European Oil Company, Ltd.*) are very steady at 1⅜ to 1⅛. The shares in a *Spanish Oil Company* have been introduced on the market at 6s. 9d., the name being the *Empresas Españolas Company*, and the property being situated somewhere not very far from Barcelona. I should think that this undertaking would have to be very closely scrutinised. *Mexican Eagles* have been active again, but are below the best now.

Tin Shares Commencing to Move Again—But Anglo-Continental Position Still Shrouded in Mystery—Some Cheap Shares.

The Nigerian Tin market had some further liquidation to face during the past week, and more stock was thrown on the market, but there seems to be at last a moderate rally, and there are now expectations that some statement will be made of a semi-official character with regard to the *Anglo-Continental* properties, and especially with regard to the *Jemaa* lode. The market has been greatly afflicted with rumours, and at one time a canard was set about with regard to alleged unfavourable statements made by Mr. Balfour, the expert who was commissioned to examine the lode. On the other hand, there are also some favourable rumours, and there are some very positive statements emanating from a man who has been on the *Keffi* property, that he has found that company's ground far better than the adjoining ones. If that should prove to be so, *Keffi* would be an excellent purchase at the present low price of 9s. 9d., the more so as it has quite a small capital of £50,000. Another cheap share is *Toro*, and now that the price is as low as 5s. 9d. per 5s. share, they are well worthy of attention, as are *Hausa* at 5s. 6d. I do not know yet what to say about *Benue* shares, which have remained rather dull. *Jos Tin*, somehow or other, do not recover, owing to the poor output, and it must be admitted that the April returns of the *Nigerian Tin Mines* are mostly disappointing, the *Naraguta* showing an output only of 40 tons, against 50 tons in March. That of the *Naraguta Extended* of 12 tons against 14½ in March is fairly satisfactory, but the question now is whether we shall at last get in May or June the long-hoped-for increase to 40 tons. A significant statement is made with regard to *Berrida*, as the general manager has cabled that prospects are quite sufficient to warrant the shipment of machinery and plant as quickly as possible. The latest news from the *Bauchi* has not sufficed to keep the price of the shares above 10s. The fact is, the mystery in which Anglo-Continental affairs are enshrouded continues, and the market was greatly disappointed at the scanty information vouchsafed by the chairman of the West African Mines at Monday's meeting, thus causing Anglo-Continentals to relapse.

Latest Happenings in Copper—Tinto "Bears" being Squeezed—Mount Lyell Reflections.

The copper-mining industry seems to have got fairly into its stride again, and if the figures do not lie, the statistical position is very encouraging, the stocks of the metal on this side of the water being given as only 46,163 tons, as compared with 72,613 tons at the end of May, 1911. The impetus for the upward movement, of course, comes from the other side. Shares have, of course, responded to the better conditions, and *Amalgamated Coppers* and *Anaconda* have been hoisted to a higher level, on reports of a coming amalgamation between the two concerns. The question is whether the U.S. Government would not have the last word when it comes to a merger, possibly on the ground of restraint of trade! I should not care to go too far into shares of this kind. Nor do I see any attractions in *Rio Tintos*, which give a very small yield, and I can only put down the rise in these shares to about 78¾ to a "bear" squeeze in Paris. I should prefer shares in companies situated in British possessions, although, for instance, *Mount Elliott*, at about 5⅝, have practically discounted the possibility of an increase of the quarterly dividend from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per share. Then there are *Mount Lyells*, the directors of which propose to issue to their shareholders 100,000 new shares in connection with a water-power scheme. This will no doubt answer expectations, but I think that the directors might have first endeavoured to make up the leeway lost through the strike before committing themselves to heavy capital expenditure. That the market agrees with me is shown by the decline in the shares to about 33s. 6d.

AN "IDEAL" POLICY.

The City Life Assurance Company, which formerly conducted its business under the title of the British Homes Assurance Corporation, and whose head office is at 6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C., has made remarkable headway since its formation in 1895, when it commenced operations with a small paid-up capital amounting to only £500. To-day the paid-up capital exceeds £100,000, whilst the funds, excluding capital, are in the neighbourhood of half a million sterling. When the company a few years ago decided to abandon the issuing of endowment house-purchase certificates and to confine its operations to life assurance, the management acted wisely in adopting a name in keeping with its new environment. One effect of the change was that the company laid itself out for a distinct class of life assurance business under the attractive title of the "Ideal" policy, which was introduced three years ago by the department, and has gone on increasing at such a rate that the "City" may fairly claim that it is one of the coming offices.

PETROLEUM OPTIONS.

Petroleum Options, Limited, is a moderately capitalised company with considerable possibilities, and at about 1s. 3d. the price leaves a margin for profit. The company has promising interests in Trinidad, having struck oil on two bores, and active development is now to take place. In addition, it has recently acquired an oil property near the Tampico fields, Mexico, from which important results are anticipated. The shares have been quoted at 6s., and may before long see that price again.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—*See page 682.*

NOTES ON NEW ISSUES.

POINTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF INVESTORS.

CENTRAL HEATING.—This is very "hot," and appears to be a device to take advantage of the late coal strike to palm off upon the public a concern called T. F. Phillips and Sons, Limited, which is said to have been established for thirty years, but as to whose capital and past profits the prospectus is ominously silent. The ordinary shares are called "participating shares"—surely the funniest name ever given to ordinary stock. But they will not participate in any of our money. We regard the prospectus as most misleading.

REGENERATIVE GAS-STOVE COMPANY.—This is another impudent issue, with "estimated" profits (which, by the way, are set out in a most misleading manner). Whatever may be the merits of the particular patents, the business is at present in the syndicate state, and should be left to its proprietors till it has demonstrated its value. Then it may be "regenerated."

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY.—This is a Canadian issue, and that is enough for us—in view of the trouble which is brewing. Otherwise, the issue is made under very respectable auspices. Our advice is to leave it to the underwriters.

CALLENDER'S SHARE AND INVESTMENT TRUST.—This seems all right, but the underwriting terms are stiff. Messrs. Basil Montgomery and Co. seem to be looking after themselves.

VIRGINIAN RAILWAY COMPANY.—We prefer something nearer home—not the "old Kentucky home." And we should like to know how "J. C. White, State Geologist of West Virginia," arrives at his estimate that "the coal resources accessible to the Virginian Railway" amount to 4,000,000,000 tons. *We* make it 3,999,999,999.

ST. PETERSBURGH LAND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY.—Fancy going to the Island of Wasselewski-Ostrow for a 5 per cent. debenture, on the strength, too, of a valuation based upon the assumption that the company will have "improved and developed the land by raising the level, by constructing drains, water conduits, etc., and by providing easy means of access to the centre of the city"! The issue is the quintessence of impudence.

AMALGAM, LIMITED.—We do not like this at all. Our first suspicions arose when the company issued "photos" of its depôts at Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle and Glasgow, representing itself as the owner and tenant of impressive buildings, where it occupied simply small shops in them. Nor are we convinced of the necessity for the new capital if the company is making the large profits stated in the prospectus. Starting works in France is a risky undertaking.

BEKOH RUBBER ESTATES.—Another castle in the air. The valuation of the property and estimate of profits are made by a gentleman acting on the instructions of the vendor; most of the trees on the estate are young, and although £70,000 is to be paid for it, the directors have the temerity to say that nothing is payable for "goodwill"!

OIL AND DRILLING TRUST OF ROUMANIA.—For absolute recklessness of anticipation, commend us to this prospectus. The company will act as "general oil well drillers and contractors, *acquiring drilling rights over oil-bearing properties upon* TERMS ADVANTAGEOUS TO THE COMPANY." What guarantee is there of this? And listen to this: "On one of the plots there is a well drilled to a depth of 508 metres, and as the depth of the wells in this district is about 650 metres, *the company has only to drill another 150 metres to strike rich oil strata.*" We should like to know how the solicitors to the company came to pass that definite statement—which, if unfulfilled, will certainly constitute a ground of action against the directors.

A. LE COQ.—This is a funny sort of concern. Apparently Mr. Le Coq has been carrying on an agency in Russia under his own name and trade mark—"with the Imperial crown," for certain Burton-brewed beer; but in view of increased duties and extensive infringements of his trade mark, he proposes to buy up a brewery in Livonia and make his own beer, and a Mr. Jones, "A.C.G.I., F.I.C.," thinks that the past profits may be increased by "more energetic management and improvement in the quality of the beer," and the "purchase of hops under more favourable conditions." Thus, directors add to the actual profits now being earned, which average between £4,000 and £5,000 a year, £1,000 "for economy in purchase of hops," and £10,000 "for new London stout plant, on the basis of sale in bulk and in bottles representing one-third of the capacity of the proposed plant." Verily, there are humourists in promoting circles!

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, *52, New Broad Street, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

CREDITOR'S COMPOSITION.—NEWPORT.—You have no chance of resisting this in Court, as a delay does not invalidate the claim. It is, after all, not quite two years, and the Statute of Limitations does not, therefore, apply.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—JOHN H. (Strathleven).—I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the first-named concern, who are outside brokers, and whose dual cover operations are not likely to bring you any profit, but only loss, while the guarantee of the first mentioned is valueless. XALA. I suppose you had better write to these people that if they do not remit at once, you will place the matter in the hands of your solicitor, as there seems to be no dispute about it.

RADIUM ORE MINES.—H. H.—I should strongly advise you to have nothing to do with it.

TURF SYNDICATE.—TEST.—I really could not pronounce on the reliability of this concern. I should advise you to have nothing to do with it.

COMPANY INSTALMENT.—CARL.—(1) You are liable for the call and should certainly pay the last instalment. I understand that the shares are likely to be in considerable demand presently. (2) No option but to hold for the present.

STANDING OF FIRM.—IRONOPOLIS.—These people must be outside brokers, as they are not memebers of the Stock Exchange, and, under the circumstances, if you have any special reason for inquiring, you had better write to an Information Bureau.

INVENTION FOR AVOIDING LOSS OF LIFE.—A. C. B.—In the first instance, you must tell me whether your invention is patented. In that case I should advise you to consult a patent agent.

MINING SHARES.—W. B. (Devon).—(1) There is not the slightest trouble about the validity of the title of the Mine, and it is expected that the balance of the capital will be placed almost immediately. (2) By all means hold Rhodesia Copper shares.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A READER (Sheffield).—Default having been made, the Company would have been blameworthy had it not taken action to protect the interests of the general body of its policy holders.—W. R. (Newcastle).—We are glad to learn that your investment has been protected by the extension of the non-forfeiture condition for a further period of one year.

PIONEER ASSURANCE.—STACK.—Does the agent know that the father and aunt who are insured are unaware of the policy on their lives? That is a point to be considered.

VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—MAX (Liverpool).—It is hardly fair to take out a policy one year, and then want to cancel it in the next, merely because you do not want to pay any more premiums. The question is whether the agent was aware that the husband knew nothing of the proposal.

PROVIDENT CLERKS AND GENERAL.—SHORTHORN.—Quite respectable and of good standing.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. F. C. (Southsea).—If you did not sign, the whole transaction is illegal. J. G. (Liverpool).—You can leave the benefits of the policy to anyone you desire by making a will in his favour. S. J. (Belfast).—You cannot claim the return of your money, but could get free policies on application to the agent. UMPIRE (Chard), B. L. (Wylye), J. L. (Poplar), E. K. (Woolwich), R. C. (Walthamstow), P. C. B. (Canton), W. D. (Ruthergien), I. N. J. (Newbridge).—The policies are illegal, and the premiums paid are recoverable. W. S. (Plymouth).—(1) The next-of-kin could claim. (2) The policy is illegal. (3) You cannot make any claim against the Company. W. W. K. (Whitchurch).—If your statements are correct, you could recover the premiums. M. M. (South Shields).—Consult a good local solicitor. T. B. (Coventry).—You would have great difficulty in getting your money back, as by the wording of the policies the transaction rendered them null and void. Try and make arrangements with the person assured to obtain free policies. H. E. L. (Scarboro').—The Company would grant a free policy.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS.

The City Offices of JOHN BULL *have been removed to*

52, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.

All communications respecting Financial *and* Insurance *Inquiries should in future be addressed to* The Editor, "John Bull," City Offices, 52, *New Broad Street. All other communications to be addressed to* 93, *Long Acre, W.C.*

Our esteemed contributor, "Verax," whose forecasts have proved so remarkably successful, will continue to supply a weekly Review of the Markets.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 682.

STATE INSURANCE.

DOOM OF THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES IF THEY SUBMIT.

By T. Good.

Even the strongest of our friendly societies may prepare for their doom if they submit to the imposition and inquisition of the new State Insurance Scheme. If and when these societies open their lodge doors to State officials; if and when they submit their books, management, and funds to the control of Westminster jacks-in-office; if and when they accept the first penny wrung out of the wages of their members by this cruel scheme, and undertake the administration of counterfeit outdoor relief, they will have signed their own death warrants.

The friendly society scheme is voluntary, democratic, and sympathetic. The Lloyd George scheme is compulsory, bureaucratic, and austere. The two schemes cannot be run in double harness. It is not intended in high quarters that they should. The intention is to destroy the friendly societies and trade unions, and hand the working classes over, body and soul, to State officials and employers. Mr. Lloyd George never got nearer the truth in his life than he did when explaining, last June, that his scheme was designed to benefit employers, and that it would cost the employers less than nothing in the long run. And that is how it will work out. When trade unions are destroyed—I will explain in a future article how they will be destroyed if this new scheme becomes operative—employers will be able to do as they like, and wages and labour conditions will sink to the level set by the worst employers. But I desire just now to point out the danger to the friendly societies.

Friendly Societies Given Away.

In connection with this insurance scheme the friendly societies have been as badly served by leaders as the trade unions have. For example, Mr. J. Lister Stead, the secretary of the Foresters, in a special article published in the *Daily Mail* of May 30, 1911, not only eulogised Mr. Lloyd George's "good intentions," but said he had "no hesitation in accepting the main principles of the Insurance Bill as they stood"; he asserted that the working of the scheme "would be an easy matter"; he described the benefits as "excellent"; and declared the scheme a "godsend." Other high officials of the friendly societies also blessed the measure. Little wonder, therefore, that the bulk of the members accepted the scheme at its face value.

But now where are we? And where will the societies be if they submit to the new scheme? To begin with, the administration of medical benefits is taken out of the hands of the societies and invested in the new Insurance Committees. This means, for one thing, that the societies will have to give sick pay on the certificates of doctors they neither employ nor control. However, that is a small matter compared with some of the provisions of the new Act.

Domination of Jacks-in-Office.

The societies which become "approved" will hardly be able to do anything without the consent of the Insurance Commissioners and Committees. First the societies have to give security for their good behaviour, and the amount of the security is fixed at the will and whim of the Whitehall wiseacres. Then the societies have to conduct practically the whole of their business on lines dictated by the jacks-in-office. A few quotations from the Act itself will indicate how completely the societies will lose their independence.

35.—(1) . . . "Every branch of an approved society must keep its books and accounts under this Part of this Act separate from all other books and accounts . . . and in such form as may be prescribed by the Commissioners, and submit them to auditors appointed by the Treasury."

41.—"Where a society . . . has amongst its members both men and women . . . the provisions of the Act with regard to valuations, surpluses, and deficiencies shall apply to the society as if it were a society consisting of two branches." This is only one of many instances of duplication.

23.—(2) (iii) "If a society has honorary members it must provide for excluding such members from the right of voting."

27.—(2) "Every society and every branch thereof shall comply with any regulations made by the Commissioners as to the place in which meetings are to be held." Significant of what this so-called free country is coming to.

28.—(1) "No branch shall be entitled to secede or withdraw . . . without the consent of the Commissioners . . ." (2) No "society or branch shall be dissolved without the sanction of the Commissioners." (3) "No branch . . . shall be expelled from a society" except "to the satisfaction of the Commissioners."

The Big Burden of Duties.

A bald list of the duties—the ridiculous duties—imposed upon every lodge secretary and committee would fill pages of this journal, and hardly a rule can be made, or a book kept, or a benefit paid without the consent of the State officials, who are given powers to do "anything they deem fit." These officials can impose levies, and the levies will be stopped out of the members' wages; they can control the investments of the societies, just as they can dictate the place of meeting; they can reduce the sick payments, and they can even suspend the payments. While the State officials have these unlimited powers over the societies and their members, and are to be paid enormous salaries—salaries running up to nearly £40 a week—for domineering people who have hitherto performed friendly society work so splendidly, the great bulk of the extra work involved in running this preposterously complicated scheme is, on Mr. Lloyd George's own admission, "to fall upon the societies." In other words, the societies do the work and the State officials get the big salaries.

A Complicated and Costly Farce.

Many lodge secretaries will have to keep over a dozen sets of books. For example, books and accounts will have to show separately the contributions and benefits of ordinary employed members; of members in the Army and Navy; of members in the Mercantile Marine; of members who are not paid ordinary wages; of voluntary contributors under forty-five; of those over forty-five; of those compulsory contributors who get less than 2s. 6d. per day; of those who get less than 2s.; of those who get less than 1s. 6d.; of workers who receive wages when sick; of women workers; of outworkers; of workers in seasonal trades; of members over sixty-five, etc., etc. In course of time, no doubt, the heights, weights, complexions, colours of hair and eyes and conditions of teeth will have to be recorded in manner prescribed by the Commissioners.

The Way That Bankruptcy Lies.

Besides all the above, most roundabout arrangements have to be made for the transfer of members from one lodge to another, and for calculating their reserve values; for making valuations of society and branch funds, and for reckoning arrears, deficiencies, surpluses, extra benefits and reduced benefits. Where is the ordinary working man lodge secretary or auditor who will have time to master the multitude of provisions in this Act and the voluminous regulations that are being issued by the Commissioners every few days? None but the most highly-trained men, devoting their whole time to the work, can possibly cope with it. This will mean the employment of about 50,000 trained secretaries—to say nothing of auditors, accountants, actuaries, and legal advisers. If these secretaries can be got for £250 a year apiece, their salaries will absorb £10,000,000 per annum, while the salaries and fees of the other skilled assistants and the extra costs may very likely swallow another £10,000,000. The total outgo is likely to exceed the income, leaving no balance for sick pay. If the societies do not employ this highly trained assistance, and their ordinary officers fail to satisfy any of the endless and harsh requirements of the State, then the Commissioners can step in and "take over the administration of the society." If the trained assistance is employed, and the expenses are so great that an actuarial deficiency is shown, in that case also the Commissioners can step in like bailiffs. Thus, not only is the whole status and character of the friendly society movement prostituted but the societies are faced with bankruptcy and ruin. I hold no brief for friendly societies—I have no connection whatever with them—but I pray them, with all the sincerity at my command, to refuse to touch this vile and rotten scheme.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 682.

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

EXEMPLARY TOASTS WITH SUGGESTED RESPONSES.

By Walter Moore.

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George.

Gentlemen, it is now my pleasing—("Oh, oh!")—duty to rise and propose the health of our guest, the Right Honourable David Lloyd George—(cheers and counter-cheers)—who, notwithstanding the insatiable demands upon his time, has managed to favour us with his presence here to-night. (Ironical cheers.)

Some of you may wonder what possessed our Entertainment Committee when they fixed upon Mr. George to be the recipient of our invitation for this evening. (Hear, hear.) I, too, am at a loss to know what was the motive of this astounding selection; and I take this opportunity to say that the General Committee have decided to call an Extraordinary Meeting to inquire into the circumstances which led up to it, and, if necessary, to recommend a reconstruction of the sub-committee which has been guilty of such an unprecedented *faux pas*. (Disturbance and applause.) However, gentlemen, we will make a virtue of necessity. Mr. George is here, occupying the seat of honour—a position from which we cannot very well remove him without laying ourselves open to the charge of discourtesy. Therefore will we do our duty as becomes us, my part being to provide you with reasons why you should drink his health, and yours to perform that, in itself, pleasing task with as much enthusiasm as you can manage to assume. (Groans.)

Mr. Lloyd George, gentlemen, is, we must all admit, one of the most remarkable products of our times. (Derisive cheers.) We have all suffered, and we are likely to suffer more, at his hands; for, springing from the middle class of society, he, as is too often the case, has shown himself to be animated with a contempt for and a dislike of the social section to which he himself belongs. Unfortunately he was burdened with more brains and supplied with a greater store of energy than he could find sufficient scope for in the profession which he originally adopted. Else he might have remained to this day an obscure and pettifogging attorney practising in rural Wales, and we, and England, had been the better off. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, it was not to be. For some inscrutable reason Destiny saw fit to use him as a scourge. Using as a lever an acrimonious sectarian dispute that raged some years ago in Wales, he forced himself into public notice and eventually arrived at the House of Commons. (Groans.) Gifted with an envenomed eloquence, he was naturally marked out for preferment, and in due course became President of the Board of Trade—(uproar)—thus being in a sense partly responsible for the hideous neglect of matters of vital importance which has led directly to the awful loss of life that attended the wreck of the *Titanic*. (Cries of "Shame!")

In 1908, gentlemen, Mr. George became Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Great disturbance.) You all appear to be cognizant of the fact. (A voice, "Not half!") In that exalted position, desiring to improve the condition of the poor—an ambition I do not quarrel with, gentlemen—and, incidentally, to make the ground safe for the next General Election, he hit upon the brilliant idea of taking from the rich. This, again, I do not greatly quarrel with. But, in the process, he unmercifully squeezed the middle class, his own class, upon whom his new taxation fell with the greatest severity. Gentlemen, I will not trust myself to speak of the Budget of 1909. I will say no more just now. There is Mr. Lloyd George. Rise, and drink his health—if you can do so honestly. If you cannot, drink each to the most deserving individual you know—yourselves! (Great disturbance.)

The Chancellor Responds:—

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, this sort of thing does not upset me in the least. I am on the safe side. I've got six and a half millions up my sleeve to use for electioneering purposes if necessary, so I feel perfectly secure. Thanks for the food. I have tasted better. As for my health, I feel none the worse for your not drinking it. Good-night. You will hear of me again. (*Under cover of the confusion, Mr. Lloyd George escaped from the room disguised as a waiter.*)

MAPLE LEAF OR TOBACCO LEAF?

A New National Industry Growing up in Canada.

It is a common idea that tobacco is grown in but one or two spots—small areas specially favoured by nature—but, as a matter of fact, the plant can be, and is, cultivated in all parts of the world. In the lovely Okanagan Valley the climate of which is amongst the best in all British Columbia itself the orchard of the New World—the British North American Tobacco Company have secured profitable plantations, with options on the best of the adjacent lands, they, in fact, controlling the production of cigar tobacco in the only province in Canada where high grade Cuban leaf can be grown.

To develop and exploit this highly profitable industry, the company was formed with a capital of £100,000, with headquarters at Kelowna, the garden city of British Columbia. It purchased from the original local owners plantations, including stock and goodwill, which had been formed (following the discovery twenty years ago) by Mr. L. J. Holman, until recently Canadian Government Tobacco Expert. This gentleman found in the luxuriant valley, upon soil perfectly adapted for the production of the soothing weed in its finest form, a number of tobacco plants of Indian introduction, which the natives had laid down for their own use at a period beyond the memory of man. After several years of experiment which assured him of the correctness of the impressions which his trained eye had at once formed, he proceeded to obtain the co-operation of local capitalists. This enhancement of the natural riches of the country called forth official eoniums from Earl Grey and Mr. Charlan, Chief of the Tobacco Division, Ottawa, the latter gentleman, in a report on tobacco growing in British Columbia to the Minister of Agriculture, saying: "There is practically only one centre of tobacco culture, the Okanagan Valley and chiefly Kelowna. Total land in tobacco is not more than 70 to 75 acres. This is quite insufficient, considering the quality of Kelowna tobacco and its well-deserved reputation." The document proceeds to state that, for the Cuban variety, none of the products obtained in other parts of the Dominion can be compared for burning quality and aroma. In addition, the company's productions received, at the Vancouver Exhibition, of 1910, the highest award in the gift of the province.

The new source of wealth, being thus brought prominently to public notice, received the special attention of Mr. A. W. Bowser, a gentleman possessing life-long experience in growing, curing and manufacturing cigars in the United States, Puerto Rico and South Africa. To the co-operation of Mr. Holman and Mr. Bowser is largely due the inception of the present undertaking.

The British North American Tobacco Company is in a particularly favoured position, as its properties and options are situated in the most highly developed territory in the province, where land is appreciating in value by leaps and bounds.

From the office of the Secretary, at 3-5, Carlton House, Regent Street, S.W., is issued a handsome booklet containing much interesting information and some very fine reproductions of photographs showing the cultivation and manufacture at all its stages. It will be seen from these that the leaf is treated in the most up-to-date scientific methods—for instance, seed is sown in April, protected by canvas covers till the last week in May, and then transplanted by machines, one of which, with two horses and three men, does the work of forty-five men setting plants by hand, as in Cuba and Puertorico. This ingenuous labour-saving is possible owing to the marvellous soil, and its freedom from weeds and stones. Another great commercial advantage is that on the plantation can be grown the whole of the leaf required for the manufacture of the highest grade cigars, thus obviating the employment of a foreign tobacco, and saving the import duty of 1s. 2d. a pound.

Some idea of the Company's prospects may be gathered from the fact that they have in hand sufficient cured tobacco to manufacture about three million cigars, at an average profit of 25 dollars per thousand—equal to 15 per cent. on the total capital of the company, and the yield will be considerably greater as increased acreage is placed under cultivation.

Those in search of a sound commercial investment, the great potentialities of which have received the endorsement of most of the leading newspapers, should communicate with the Assistant Secretary, at 3-5, Carlton House, Regent Street, S.W., for a copy of the booklet, "From Seed to Smoker," and the pamphlet, "The Financial Aspect of Canadian Tobacco."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

[Being Conversations in a West-End Barber's Shop, Overheard by our Reporter.]

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

Good arfternoon, madam. . . . 'Air dressed? . . . Cert'ny, with pleasure. . . . Will you take this seat, miss—madam, I mean? Wot style can I 'ave the pleasure of doin' you in? . . . Eny ole style?—Pardon me, miss—madam, I mean—but a prepersessin' young lady like wot you are oughter go in for the very latest mode, sich as the corkscrew ear-curl. . . . Leave it to me. I know zactly wot'll suit your style of beauty best. . . . Don't you trouble, miss—I mean madam. *I'll* remove the 'airpins.

Very bad indeed, madam . . . in fack, I never knew trade worse—in *ladies'* 'airdressin', that is. They seem to be goin' in for the simpler styles nowadays—styles wot they can manage easy theirselves. . . . I fancy this suffragette bizness 'as somethink to do with it. . . . P'raps they think the plainer they do their 'air the more heasy they'll git the vote. . . . If so, they're wrong, miss—madam, I should say. . . . A pretty gal with 'er 'air

nicely done can get pretty near anythink she wants nowadays if she knows 'ow to work the oracle, so ter speak. But these 'ere frumps with towseled 'eads wot goes about smashin' windows, gittin' run in, and bein' fed through injarubber toobs like a lot o' silly kids, *they'll* never git the vote, take my word for it, miss. . . . No, miss, your 'air don't want nothink on it.

Look at that there Christabel Pankhurst wot there's bin so much talk about. . . . Wot good's she done? . . . She's a good-lookin' gal, they tell me, with nice fair 'air, and eyes wot she knows 'ow to use—keep still, if you please, miss, I'm jest doin' a very pertickler roll. But instead of usin' wotchermacall 'er nachural advantages in a lergitimit way, so ter speak—that is, givin' Cabinet Ministers the glad eye, and so on, *you* know, miss, doin' the persuasive biz—she goes an' makes 'erself a noosance, gets 'er pore ole mother run in, an' then does a mizzle. . . . She may be a nice lookin' gal an' all that, but she ain't a sport. . . . Tch, tch! dear me, miss—madam, I mean, I shall 'ave to do that car-curl orl over again, through you movin' so sudden. . . .

I wonder ware she is, miss. . . . Some say as 'ow she's gone to America; but I shouldn't be surprised if she's still in London. London's the best place to 'ide in, you know, miss. I remember w'en I left my missus the first time, it wos seven weeks afore she found—h'm!—I mean, afore I found 'er again. . . . Wot did I leave 'er for? . . . Well, miss, she took up with these 'ere suffragettses, neglected me, the 'ome, and the nipper, and I got fair sick of it. . . . Then she got run in for bitin' a pleeceman's ear an' wos put away for three months. . . . It wos orl "Christabel" with 'er—nothink but Christabel ses this or Christabel ses that, from mornin' till night, till I got fair sick of Christabel. . . . An' mine ain't the on'y 'ome wot Christabel broke up. . . .

There miss, now you look a fair treat! . . . If orl these 'ere misguided wimmen wot want votes on'y looked like you, miss, they'd 'ave 'em in a jiffy. . . . Pay in the shop, please, miss. . . . *Thank* you, miss. . . . Good-day, miss—madam, I mean.

A Shop Window Dresser

Nervous Shock, Sleeplessness—

There is now so much *energy*, so much *brainy alertness* and originality in Mr. Ridyard's private and business affairs, as prove conclusively the altogether remarkable benefits of Phosferine, even in such cases of downright helplessness as his was. The very keenest interest has been aroused by the success of Phosferine in bringing about the recovery of Mr. Ridyard from a condition of pitiful nervous weakness and distressing apathy which resulted from the shock of being in an alarming tram accident. Such weeks of terror and sleeplessness followed as made the tortured brain *unable to think* or *grasp things clearly*, and realising that no relief came from his doctor, Mr. Ridyard yielded to friends and tried Phosferine. It was the day of his life, thankfully says Mr. Ridyard, when he first took Phosferine, to experience peace and strength returning to him after the nervous storms he had gone through, and even a brief course of the tonic so effectually banished his disorders, that his clear, keen thinking is taking him far ahead of his fellows.

Not a Trace Remains.

Mr. E. Ridyard, Main Street, Carlton, near Wakefield, writes:—"I had the misfortune to be in a serious tramcar accident some eight months ago, and the shock utterly unnerved me. I was unable to sleep for several weeks, and a nameless terror always seemed to possess me, my head constantly ached, appetite failed, and I got into a wretchedly weak, nervous condition, that made me totally unfit for anything. *To think clearly or connectedly was impossible*, my brain was too hopelessly muddled to arrange my thoughts into anything like intelligent order. My doctor gave me sleeping draughts, which had no effect beyond sending me into a troubled, unrefreshing stupor, that left me still more dull and half-dazed during the day. I obtained a bottle of Phosferine, and the benefit I derived from the first small phial was so marked that I kept on with it, and in a little while I thoroughly regained my strength and shook off the fearful nervousness. My brain cleared, natural sleep and appetite returned, and I got quite well and strong again."—January 9, 1912.

PHOSFERINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

NEURALGIA	MATERNITY WEAKNESS	HYSTERIA
RHEUMATISM	NERVOUS HEADACHES	SLEEPLESSNESS
BRAIN-FAG	PREMATURE DECAY	EXHAUSTION
LASSITUDE	INFLUENZA	MALARIA
INDIGESTION	ANAEMIA NEURITIS	NERVOUSNESS

And all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

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The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

UNWITNESSED WILLS.

[This is a companion feature to our "Anticipated Epitaphs"—and is just as authentic.]

This is the Last Will and Testament —of me—

REGINALD MCKENNA, of Whitehall, in the City of Westminster, gent.

I HEREBY REVOKE all former testamentary dispositions made by me.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Director of the London Museum the oar with which I rowed bow in the Cambridge University Eight in 1887, requesting that the same shall be exhibited amongst the historic relics of London now gathered together at Kensington.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, of Southgate, in the County of Middlesex, Baronet, my Grand and Steward's Cups which I won at Henley, hoping that the same will console him in some measure for his failure in carrying off the America Cup.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto the Editor of *The Lay Lawyer*, the stuff gown and bob wig I wore when practising at the Bar prior to my election to Parliament.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Charles Frederick Gurney Masterman, of Gillingham Street, in the City of Westminster, Whitewasher, the Ready Reckoner I used during the time I acted as Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Joseph Alfred Pease, of Darlington, in the County of Durham, gent., my copy of *The Children's Encyclopædia*, which I found of incalculable assistance when acting as President of the Board of Education.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, of Eccleston Square, in the City of Westminster, my copy of the famous book *From Powder Monkey to Admiral*, in which I found such immense inspiration and help while struggling with the duties and weighed down by the responsibilities that attach to the position of First Lord of the Admiralty.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Lord Hugh Cecil my copy of *Giraldus Cambrensis* which I used with such telling effect when speaking in the House of Commons in support of Welsh Disestablishment, and which I recommend him to study prayerfully in and out of season.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH unto Arthur James Balfour, of Whittingehame, in the County of Prestonkirk, gent., the sum of five guineas to purchase a mourning ring, and my sincere thanks for his suggestion that, as the founder of a newly-established Church in Wales, I shall be worthy of canonisation and may go down to posterity under the title of St. McKenna.

I GIVE, BEQUEATH, AND DEVISE the residue of my property and possessions to my executors in trust for the foundation and endowment of a Home for Decayed Oarsmen, the same to be called St. McKenna's Hostel.

(Here follow private bequests.)

"ORLEBAR, J.P., OF SHARNBROOK."

In regard to our recent comments under this heading, and following the disclaimer of the Hon. H. B. O. St. John being present at the decision by the Sharnbrook Magistrates of the charge against a local schoolmaster of plucking willow twigs, Mr. Orlebar (who was also stated by the *Kettering Leader* to have been on the Bench at the time—in fact, described by it as "in the chair"), writes us that he was not present at all, and had therefore nothing whatever to do with the case. We gladly publish this correction and tender our sincere apologies to Mr. Orlebar.

How to Banish Wrinkles Quickly

(From Guide to Beauty.)

If the average woman only knew it, it is not so difficult to preserve the youthful contour and velvety smoothness of complexion. Every woman hates to see her face wrinkled or baggy, and practically every one has experimented with some sort of patent remedy in the effort either to remove such condition or ward it off.

As a matter of fact, the most effective remedy in the world is one that any woman can easily obtain at a nominal price. Let her get a small quantity of parsidium (jelly-form) at her chemist's, and apply it daily as she would cold cream. The results are surprising and instantaneous. Even after the very first application a marked improvement is apparent. The wrinkles are less in evidence and the face has a comfortable, snug feeling of firmness that is most delightful.

If you Cannot Walk

FREE to all an illustrated book telling all about the Famous Dingwall-Witham HAND-PROPELLED Tricycles or Bath-chairs—SOMETHING DIFFERENT from others—TWO SPEEDS (powerful hill climbers) and FREE WHEEL. SADDLES, wicker seats, etc., as preferred.

Send for my FREE BOOK

In one of these machines you are rendered quite independent of other people—can get out in the fresh air unaided—go to and from your business if you wish. Designed by an Invalid and Cycle Engineer.

Dingwall-Witham

Highly recommended in "British Medical Journal," etc. If you know anyone unable to walk, cut out this advt. and show them. Trials arranged at London works. Send for the Booklet to-day.
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ADORI

Beg to draw the attention of readers of John Bull to their forthcoming

Manly Names Competition

In which Messrs. GERALD DU MAURIER, ALLAN AYNESWORTH, HERBERT SLEATH, DENNIS EADIE, HENRY LYTTON, and G. P. HUNTLEY will act as Judges, and in which 250 Valuable Prizes will be awarded.

In addition to these Prizes, so many customers have written us enquiring for one of our quaint Gold encased SEN-KA Charms, to which Japanese tradition attaches such mysterious and wonderful powers, that we have decided to immediately present one to every customer who sends Orders of not less value than 2s. 6d., either for Two Boxes of Soap (1s. 3d. per Box), Bottle of Perfume (2s. 6d.), Bottle of Adori Hair Tonic (2s. 6d.) or Jar of Massage Cream (2s. 6d.).

Write Orders distinctly on plain paper, and add what you consider the 3 most manly names for a boy. 3 selections may be sent by all sending P.O. 1/3 for Large Trial Box Adori.

4,000 Unsolicited Testimonials received.

ADORI, GOSCHEN BUILDINGS, HENRIETTA ST., LONDON, W.C.

FARROW'S BANK NEW PUBLICATION FREE TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

FARROW'S BANK, LTD., has just issued an artistically compiled publication, descriptive of the history, objects and work of that popular institution. It consists of 40 pages, contains upwards of 70 illustrations, and an interesting summary of the Bank's numerous departments, the whole forming an extremely useful and handsome work of reference. A copy of the booklet will be sent, post free, on application to the MANAGING DIRECTOR, MR. THOMAS FARROW, 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.; or the Branch Manager, 38, Deansgate.—(ADVT.)

Zam-Buk

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6.

ACTS LIKE MAGIC!

Zam-Buk Cures Eczema, Pimples & Rashes, Bad Legs, Ringworm & Piles, Soothes, Purifies & Heals Cuts, Bruises, Burns & Scalds.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ZAM-BUK.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipatory —always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before his relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.]

Thys
Sepulchre
Contaynes ye Boanes
Of Ye

Rygbte Honourable Sir Rufus Daniel Jsaacs, K.C., P.C., M.P.,

Knyghte;
Sometyme Attorney-General.
Born
Anno Domini 1860,
Ye sonne of one
Joseph M. Isaacs,
A merchante of ye Citie of London,
And a direckt defcendant of Adam,
As hys name implyes,
Hee received hys earlie educaçion atte
Ye Univerfitie College Schoole,
Afterwardes beynge sente toe Brufsels,
Where ye sproutes come from,
And proceedynge from thence toe Hanover,
A citie toe whych folkes are often invyted toe goe.
Havynge bye thys tyme abforbed
A sufficiencie of knowledge and German beer,
Hee returned toe London
And became a stockbroker.
Havynge small affeckçion for animals
Hee soone tyred of ye bulls and bears wyth whyche
Hee founde hymfelfe in dailie contackt,
Soe hee decyded toe reade for ye Bar:
Ye whyche hee didde;
And,
Anno Domini 1898,
Tooke sylke.
Subsequentlie hee tooke whatever elfe
Inn ye waie of politickal prefermente
Hee coulde lay hys hands onne;
For,
Anno Domini 1904,
Hee was eleckted Member of Parlymente for
READING,
Where ye bifcuits come from;
And,
Havynge made hymfelfe ufefull toe ye Government,
Was appoynted,
Anno Domini 1910
Solicitor-General for England.
Ye same yeare
Hee tooke another steppe uppe ye partie ladder.
Becomynge
ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
And there is small doubt thatte
Vifions of ye Woolfack
Haunted hys dreames.
Butte,
Alas for human ambiçions!
Ye Liberal Governmente
Wyth whofe fortunes hys owne were allied,
Fell suddenlie before ye growynge difguft and diftruft
Of ye countrie,
And hee founde hymfelfe relegated to
Ye colde shades of oppofiçion,
And was forced once more
Toe refume hys private pracktyce atte ye
Law Courtes,
Whereof ye difappoyntmente soe uppefette hym
Thatte hee dyed.

Hys wigge and gowne are layed afyde,
Ye whyche hee wore wyth confçious pryde:
Let's hope hee needs (though doubtfull 't is)
Nó cool "refrefher" where hee is.

DO COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE?

LET THIS MAN READ YOUR LIFE.

Offers Free Test Readings, Advice on Business, Marriage, Occupation, Changes, Journeys, Enemies, and all Important Events of Life.

Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birth-dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of JOHN BULL, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month, and year of your birth (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

"Your power is marvellous,
So people write,
Please read my life.
Are my prospects bright?"

Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 51D, Palais Royal, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2½d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.

THE TERROR THAT STALKS BY NIGHT.

BY "RETLAW."

She watched the gleam of his lantern glow faint and fainter as he strode on into the night.

She stood at the door and eagerly gasped great gulps of the thunderous air. Not a star relieved the blackness of the pall-like sky. Nature seemed waiting in suspense for the enactment of some terrific tragedy.

Far down the path she saw his lantern cease its rythmic swing. He had stopped. And then the puny light began to waver strangely, erratically, here and there, like some uneasy spirit seeking rest. Faint exclamations and the confused stamping of feet floated to her ear on the heavy air. He had found his enemy. She shuddered, and covering her ears with her tremulous hands, turned her back upon the tragic night and re-entered the house.

There, seated, with her chin cupped in her hands, she brooded.

She had partly driven him to this, she mused. She had urged him to do the deed. Day after day she had brought her influence to bear upon his reluctant will until, worked up to a pitch of desperation, he had risen, pale but determined, to his feet, and passed out into the night—to slay!

Suddenly she lifted her head, listening. She heard a footfall crunch upon the gravel. Yes, it was he, returning. His hand fumbled clumsily with the latch. She flew to the door and flung it wide, but shrunk from him with a shiver as he entered, with beads of sweat upon his pallid brow.

"You have done it?" she gasped, her hand at her throat.

"Yes," he said, huskily. "I've squashed thirty-seven of the beastly things. Some of them had worked their way right into the hearts of the cabbages. D—n the slugs, I say."

"UNBAKED BISCUITS."

BY R. C. BINGHAM.

For publishing their issue of April 1st without a photo of someone's child or children,
A POPULAR DAILY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing details of a burglary WITHOUT *adding "as exclusively reported in our columns yesterday,"*
THE DAILY SNOOZE AND FOLLOWER,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For DENYING *the report that her jewellery had been stolen from the flat at Maida Vale, and* REFUSING *to grant an interview to the "Daily Picture" on the subject,*
MISS SELINA SORESOX
(The charming bareneck danseuse)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.
[ADVT.

For commencing evidence in a recent case at Row Street without using the phrase, "from information received,"
P.C. KOPHAM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For admitting in the course of said evidence that "he might be WRONG,"
P.C. KOPHAM
TAKES ANOTHER BISCUIT.

For REFUSING *to grant aid from the Poor-box to two farm labourers charged with revolting cruelty to a cat,*
THE JESSOPS HEATH BENCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

The John Bull League.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BRANCH.

MEMBERS are particularly requested to note that in future the DISTRICT OFFICES will be situated at 444, PRODUCE EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER, where all communications should be addressed.

F. WABDLE, Hon. Branch Secretary.

You want to know that you are using the best—don't you?

Note the Nickelled Box with convenient Hinged Cover.

There is a peculiar creaminess and a softening, soothing quality in the lather of Williams' Shaving Soap that you will look for in vain in other kinds.

HERE IS OUR OFFER: Send 2d. for the comparison size of Williams' Shaving Stick. If 50 comparison shaves don't convince you of its superiority we return your 2d. and all the postage you have used in corresponding with us.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.
Branches in all parts of the World.
Head office and factories:
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Williams' Shaving Stick
"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

If you prefer shaving powder, get Williams' "Quick and Easy" Shaving Powder, in the patented hinged-cover box.

BUCHANAN'S WHISKY
"BLACK —&— WHITE"
The Highest Standard of QUALITY.

How to "Shed" A Bad Complexion
(From Woman's Realm.)

It's foolish to attempt to cover up or hide a sallow complexion, when you can so easily remove the sallowness, or the complexion itself. Rouge and the like on a brownish skin only emphasize the defect. The better way is to apply pure mercolized wax—the same as you would cold cream—putting it on at night, removing it in the morning with warm water and soap, following with a dash of cold water. The effect of a few applications is simply marvellous. The half-dead cuticle is absorbed by the wax—painlessly, gradually, in tiny imperceptible particles—revealing the beautiful velvety white new skin beneath.

No woman need have a sallow, blotchy, pimply or freckled complexion if she will just go to the chemist's, get some pure mercolized wax and use as suggested.

DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Five Frankforters."

It would be excessively unfair to blame Basil Hood for his "non-temperamental adaptation" of Carl Rossler's romantic play, written round the foundation of the house of Rothschild, which to Frankforters is not merely an episode, but a matter of cherished history belonging essentially to their picturesque German town. In this country the passionate love of "race," the sacred tie of binding family tradition, the veneration of "Vaterland," is, comparatively speaking, an unknown quantity. The devotion of mothers and fathers, who never realise that their children, although grown up, are to them only little ones still, and as such should obey their parents, is incomprehensible here. But in Germany, the adoration that kinsfolk have for one another charges the home life with an atmosphere bordering on the poetical—especially amongst the Jews (and they predominate) of Frankfort-on-Main. In Northern Germany, the fraternal feeling is not so pronounced; it is there, but the unutterable sweetness of it is lacking. The affection of the three brothers Rothschild, even in this city, is infinitely touching, and amongst themselves they still retain the habit of consulting one with the other as to their great financial transactions. It would not occur to them to act on their own initiative singly; the New Court "triangle" is as one solid body whose duties and responsibilities will only be changed by the inevitable. In Germany, then, you can well imagine the interest which has followed Carl Rossler's historical play. At the Lyric Theatre, notwithstanding the constant introduction of the words Jew and Jewish, there is not a single figure bearing any resemblance to this distinctive people. They might be Protestants or Nonconformists, but they are not Jews. Miss Henrietta Watson looks perfectly irreproachable as—Miss Henrietta Watson; but as Frau Naomi there is not a trace of the Jewess about her. The four sons and grandson are all wanting in a "nature that cannot be assumed at will," and Miss Gladys Guy cannot be expected to act a character so outside her comprehension as that of Rachel, daughter of Samuel. The one picture in miniature I carried away with me from the Lyric performance was that of the old servant in Frau Naomi's house—"Rose"—played with such tenderness by Miss Carlotta Addison, who, I venture to think, would have understood and looked the part of her mistress without the slightest difficulty. That "The Five Frankforters" is a disappointment to those in the know it is impossible to deny, but to the few outside the "family circle" the play may mildly appeal.

THINGS WE HEAR, BUT MUST NOT REPEAT.

BEING THE GOSSIP OF THE CLUBS.

The name of the knock-kneed young man who twice deliberately sat upon the hat of a well-known boxer at a sporting resort, was held up by the heels while his head bumped on the floor, then submitted to spanking, called for a drink and calmly went to sleep on one of the club sofas.

What has happened to the D.S.O. who was elected to the Rag by accident, and what he intends to do about allegations of cheating at cards.

When a railway director will retire because his doctors have certified that he is suffering from senile dementia.

All about the scandal at the skating rink 1,000 miles from Knightsbridge.

The reason why a certain politician is so bitter against the party which paid his election expenses.

The amount of hush-money paid by a clever K.C. (But hush! we must dissemble.)

The precise inducement which led a virtuous lady to insist on her husband's acceptance of an obviously rotten play by a good-looking young author.

The nature of the drugs taken by a newlaid lord which caused him to be refused admittance at a drinking lounge 1,000 miles from Piccadilly.

The name of the smelt-shaped lady whose engagement to a chocolate-hued potentate will shortly be announced.

What an M.P. saw when he returned unexpectedly from the House of Commons on the night of the Home Rule division.

TEA MERCHANTS

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TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

DRINK AND ENJOY

LIPTONS

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TEA

The Finest and Most Delicious Tea Sold.

OTHER LEADING BLENDS 1/6 & 1/4

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is sifted, blended, weighed, and packed by machinery. It is untouched by hand from the time the leaf is plucked until it reaches the consumer in Liptons registered packets.

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hold an immense stock of genuine high-class Second Hand ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE, £200,000 worth of high-class goods for sale, including FURNITURE, DRAPERIES, BEDDING, CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PIANOS, ETC., ETC.

The following is an abbreviated list of Furniture and Effects lately removed from

Milton Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens.
Drayton Road, Harlesden.
Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyl,
and Elsewhere.

THE DINING ROOMS, ETC.,

comprise the following: Set of 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs, Georgian period, 14 guineas; Georgian Sideboard to match, 11 guineas; dining table to match, extending, £7 10s.; Bookcase to match, 6 guineas; very massive oak Sideboard, £5 10s.; Overmantel to match, £2 10s.; Extending dining table, £2 10s.; 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs in carved oak, 40 guineas; Sideboard, very finely carved, in oak, to match, 12 guineas; 3 Chesterfield Settees, £3 10s. each; 6 very fine Lounge Club Divan easy chairs, 27s. 6d. each; Carved Oak Dining Table, 4 guineas; Carved Oak Overmantel, £2 10s.; Saddlebag suite, £4 15s.; another dining-room suite, £3 15s.: Massive carved oak Sideboard, with oxydised copper fittings, bevelled plate glass, 6 small chairs and 2 arm chairs to match, extending dining table, heavy curb suite, £15 10s. the lot; similar set in fumigated oak, £13 10s.; 10 real Turkey carpets, about 9 by 12, at 7 guineas each: 4 Turkey carpets, about 9 ft. 6 ins. by 12 ft. 6 ins., £8 10s. each; 20 Turkey rugs, from 25s.; numerous carpets in Tapestry, Axminster and Velvet Pile, all sizes, in thoroughly good condition, to be sold without any reserve; a most elegant Grand Piano, 18 guineas; an upright Grand Piano, 12 guineas; another by Adolph Achumann, 18 guineas; another, by Carl Strauss, 22 guineas; several Grand Pianos by Broadwood, Emil Pauer, Collard and Collard, Bluthner, and Bechstein; 3 Hall Stands, 18s. 6d. each; hall chairs, from 7s. 6d.; and all necessary effects for completely furnishing Dining Rooms, Smoke Rooms, Libraries, Studies, etc., etc.

40 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Amongst numerous other articles are the following: All Brass square tube Bedstead, complete with spring mattress, £3 15s.; 10 Black and Brass Bedsteads, 12s. 6d. each; 12 White and Brass Bedsteads, 17s. 6d. each; 21 Oak Combination Bedsteads, 15s. 3d. each; pair Twin Brass Bedsteads, £5 10s.; full size Black and Brass Bedstead, with wire spring, overlay bolster, and 2 pillows, 45s.; massive 2 ft. pillar bedstead, with sanitary woven wire spring, 26s. 6d.; all brass bedstead, heavy pillars, almost new, £2 10s.; 6 Solid Oak Bedroom suites, complete, £4 10s. each; 6 White enamelled Bedroom Suites, Louis XV. period, £7 10s. each; 4 large solid Walnut Bedroom Suites, £9 10s. each; 6 Sheraton design Bedroom suites, £7 10s. each; very fine Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 12 guineas; 3 Gents' Wardrobes, fitted with trays and drawers, £7 10s. each; a Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £28; very fine Italian Brass Bedstead, 13 guineas; Sheraton design bedstead, complete with bedding, £4 5s.; Chippendale design mahogany Bedroom suite, £35; 7 ft. Satinwood Bedroom Suite, fully inlaid, £100; pair of Bedsteads to match, £20; 6 ft. 6 in. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, £60; 7 ft. Sheraton design Bedroom suite, 70 guineas; Sheraton design Bedstead to match, £9 10s.; 6 ft. Satinwood Bedroom suite, fully inlaid, £50; 6 ft. Olive wood Bedroom suite, almost new, 40 guineas; 12 Chests of Drawers, £2 10s. each; 2 Inlaid Sheraton design Cheval Glasses, £4 10s. each; and several other Bedroom Suites and Bedsteads, all to be sold without any reserve.

THE DRAWING ROOMS

include a very fine Chesterfield suite, upholstered in silk, most elaborate, £25; another Chesterfield suite in silk tapestry, £12 15s.; Satinwood finish Drawing Room suite, £8 15s.; large size 6 ft. Chesterfield and 2 easy chairs to match, £15 15s.; a Satinwood finish Cabinet, 8 guineas; Vernis Marten Cabinet, 14 guineas; Buhl Cabinet, £12 10s.; very pretty Boudoir Suite, 4 guineas; another, 6 guineas; 6 Chesterfields with adjustable ends, covered in art tapestry, £3 10s. each; 10 easy chairs, 25s. each; 25 Occasional Chairs, 6s. 6d. each; Occasional tables, from 20s. each; Satinwood decorated centre table, £2 5s.; Satinwood decorated China Cabinet, 13 guineas; Satinwood decorated Overmantel, £3 5s.; Gilt Drawing Room suite, 14 guineas; an all brass Fender Suite, 4 guineas; 6 Gilt chairs, 15s. each; 3 Gilt Berger chairs, covered in silk, 10 guineas each; Baby Grand Piano, 40 guineas; pair 9 light Candelabra, 7 guineas; 3 gilt suites covered in French silk, £8 10s. each; Curio Table, 30s.; 6 White enamelled Overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; 4 Axminster carpets, with borders, about 11ft. by 14 ft., £7 10s. each; several other Axminster and Velvet Pile carpets; large quantity of Sheffield plate and silver; also table linen, bed linen, draperies, etc., etc.

All goods delivered Town or Country, free of charge, or can remain stored 12 months free of charge. All goods shipped for Abroad perfectly free. Country Buyers should call and inspect these goods, where they can be seen any day, from 9 till 9, except Saturdays, when we close at 7 o'clock, at

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WRITE FOR FULL CATALOGUE, which will be sent post free.
Special attention given to Export orders.
Largest and most complete Depositories in the world.

IF A MAN ASKED YOU

to give him fifteen shillings for ten shillings

would you do it? We think not. Then why pay a shopkeeper 12/6 for a pair of boots not one whit better than (and often inferior to) our renowned all-leather "Footshape" boots which you can obtain for 8/6? Reduce your boot bill by buying direct from the factory, eliminating wholesalers' and retailers' profits, establishment charges, etc., and assuring absolute satisfaction or your money back. And remember "Footshape" boots at 8/6 are not the kind of boots that you buy for 8/6 at the bootshop. Send for a pair of "Footshape" warranted all-leather boots to-day and judge for yourself.

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 1617.—BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight golosh, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toe-capped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

No. 1717.—GLACE KID BOOT, 8/6.—Exactly same style and quality as above but slightly lighter in weight.

No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 8/6.—A magnificent boot, rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf. (Note. Brown costs 1/- extra.)

Warranted All Leather.

144-page Catalogue FREE on receipt of 2d. (cost of postage only).

COUPON

For "Footshape" Boots on approval.

No.....

Size.....

Width .....

If I am not satisfied you are to return my money in full. "John Bull."

(Foreign Postage Extra.) May 25, 1912.

GUIDE FOR ORDERING.

SIZES: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide). Simply state the style number of boot, and size and width required.

If size is not known, send an old boot, or draw outline of stockinged foot on paper (Outline of boot is of no use).

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY TO YOUR DOOR

W. BARRATT & Co., Ltd.,

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(Desk 66); STERLING WORKS, NORTHAMPTON.

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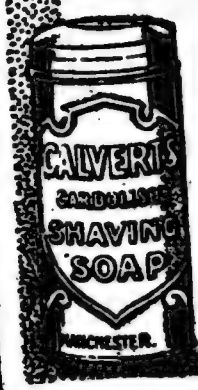


proves how much the lather can contribute to the comfort of a shave, as the razor goes cleanly and smoothly over the face, meeting no excessive resistance, even from a strong growth of beard, and, therefore, neither scraping nor tearing the skin.

Tenpence a stick from your Chemist. Sample post free for threepence from F. C. Calvert & Co. (Dept. 2), Manchester.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

MR. BOTTOMLEY desires to return his sincere thanks to all those readers who have sent him expressions of sympathy and confidence, in connection with his retirement from Parliament.

J. R. D. (Dundee) complains that having been invited to send particulars of his invention to the *Railway Supplies Journal* for the purpose of their writing an article, they now make it a condition that he should take a certain number of copies of their paper.

J. P. L. (Victoria B.C.) writes:—"The trouble is that many Englishmen get so confoundedly home-sick that it relieves their minds apparently to write bewailing letters home." But they don't get homesick on purpose, or for fun.

"DEVONIAN" has travelled six times between England and India without hearing any complaints against Lascars and native stewards. He must keep his ears open next time. Meanwhile we disagree with his notion that "white or black have the same vices and virtues." At any rate, white cannibals are rare.

T. McC. (Belfast) sends us a copy of a very sensible sermon preached by Dr. Patterson on the *Titanic* disaster, in which he attributes the blame more to man than to Providence.

G. L. (Islington) calls our attention to the relationship of certain counsel employed in the *Titanic* Enquiry to members of the Government and a prominent Government official. We presume the explanation is that those authorities enjoy unique facilities for knowing the qualifications of the learned gentlemen in question.

"JACK CANUCK" (London).—Thanks for interesting and sympathetic letter *re* Queen's Hall Meeting. Such communications do us good.

"A B'HAM WOMAN" and many others want us to "go for Lady Duff Gordon and her husband" in connection with the *Titanic* lifeboat incident. We will wait, however, a little while, and see what they have to say.

H. L. A. (Stafford).—The postcards you refer to are a well recognised form of advertising, but we do not think they ought to be sent in a lady's handwriting, especially as they conclude with a promise to "run over and see you shortly"!

"CREW OF S.S. *Winifredian*, LONDON" forward us a copy of the New York *Evening Journal*, containing an extraordinarily virulent attack upon the White Star Line and Mr. Ismay—the sending of which goes to show what those who go down to the sea in ships think of the *Titanic* matter.

J. O'S. (Limehouse).—Jane Ann denies having eloped with Jim Crow, but it is an odd coincidence that they both came back about the same time.

"COHEN" (Watling) says "Wesleyanism is governed to-day by a small group of ecclesiastical tyrants. There is an entire absence of manliness in their whole bearing." He accuses them of underhand ways and persecuting people with whom they disagree.

W. R. H. (Poplar) is trying to organise tugboatmen, and says they never have holidays.

G. E. (Cadogan Gardens) complains that post offices in shops are shut on early closing days. No doubt we shall get used to it.

"ANERLEY" writes:—"What have you got to say for the ignorant public in allowing two millions sterling to be squandered on consumption houses throughout the Empire? If all the medicine the world ever produced was, or could by any means be got together and given to one consumptive, it would not cure him. If all the air that ever came from above or below could be gathered together and supplied by any means to one or any number of consumptives, it would not cure or prolong the lives of any one of them for one month. If all the doctors that ever saw light since Adam was a boy were brought together and paid to look after one consumptive they could not give him the remotest chance of ever gaining strength again. Consumption houses are worse than useless. Doctors are people of good social standing, so am afraid you will not be courageous enough to expose the matter. No doubt some are connected with your own family also." Yes, we are a bit timid, are we not?

"ONE WHO KNOWS" says that large furnishing houses used to have their own vans, but now try to save money by employing casual men who are frequently dishonest.

F. M. (Dudley).—We know nothing about a Derby sweepstake in Denmark. That is a new pasture for such enterprises.

"SPARRMAN" says it is not at all true that L.C.C. trammen are sweated, but he evidently interprets the word strangely, for he complains of their bad pay.

J. S. (South Croydon) says something ought to be done to the directors of the Birkbeck Bank, and points out that they are not denying themselves a single luxury, though thousands of poor depositors have lost all their savings.

"SHORTHAND WRITER."—We do not know why the Corporation of Glasgow are advertising "female pills," and can only suppose they are paid to do so. It is news to us that pills possess a sex.

F. B. (Northfield) thinks it unfair trading to give M.P.'s dinners at less than cost price. Indeed, it almost amounts to free trading.

G. C. W. (Poplar) says "the crime of generosity" is an advertisement for music halls. That does not sound so generous, after all.

S. C. P. (Dublin) is angry with women who saved their pet dogs from the *Titanic*. But many of the boats were half empty.

"A DOMESTIC DRUDGE" says the weaker sex is more hard-worked than the other. Then why not organise better?

"TONTINE" (Birkenhead) asks if tontines are illegal now. Anyhow they are stupid.

MRS. C. (Ferndown) thinks children who cannot walk ought not to be turned out of hospital. That depends how old they are.

E. J. M. (Whitstable).—It is silly as well as unkind of mistresses to grudge their servants baths. But what is the good of grumbling to us about hard work? If it is done properly, it may lead to promotion.

"LURED FROM LANCASHIRE"—We wish people could sue the emigration agents for false pretences.

D. H. B. (St. Keverne) asks us about the Alexandra Association (1, Conduit Street, W.), which advertises that a bachelor seeks board and residence. We do not advise paying a guinea in advance.

"SILLY SUSSEX" was told by a "turf adviser" to have a good stake on a certain horse, but says he preferred to have a good steak on a plate. Ha! ha!

D. E. (Aberavon) says the day is past for lifeboats on steamers, and that buoys like inverted basins are required instead.

W. E. G. (Highgate) writes, "Jim Crow is profound. There is no doubt but that the reproductive instinct in both sexes is the cause of universal trouble. Oh for a business criminal amendment act!" We must get Jim to draw one up.

A CORRESPONDENT says the refectory staff at the Birmingham University are underpaid and promises made to them remain unfulfilled.

J. W. (Newcastle) says there is an impression in Canada that most English people of the lower and middle class are only half-fed, and he thinks this is true in the case of children. We agree that the owners of boarding-schools make undue profit out of catering, but school-children are certainly better off than they were a generation ago.

C. A. J. (Plymouth).—The arbitrary distinction between Mr. and Esq. is offensive and snobbish, especially in subscription lists. Very few people are entitled to be called Esquire at all.

P. W. B. scoffs at a local paper which advertised the generosity of a Chelmsford gentleman who gave some children an apple each. Why not go one better and give them a pair?

"AN ENGLISHMAN."—We agree that it is silly of the Post Office to distribute gaming circulars which are posted abroad, and to prosecute people who post similar circulars in England. It is refusing revenue.

J. D. (Camberwell).—We cannot force anyone to employ ex-soldiers, but we agree that they ought to make good carmen.

"A VOLUNTEER" (Dordrecht) says South Africa is no place for Englishmen. Hard work is ill-paid in view of high prices, and you are expected to speak and write Dutch.

"ASBESTOS" says people who are overcharged for consignments of fish should write to the wholesale merchant on the coast, as he can deal with the railway company in matters of this kind.

H. M. (Sheffield).—Did you really expect a quack advertiser to admit failure and refund your money?

A. H. (Newport).—Surely it is not unusual to "bury bodies in ground that has been buried in before." Personally, we do not think it matters much where people are buried.

"RUSTY BUCKLES" wonders whether any of the Anti-militarist League would have the pluck to don a soldier's uniform. We have similar doubts about knock-kneed spouters who clamour for conscription.

C. L. and H. J. R. (Cardiff) offer us a biscuit for the phrase "We were the only member." But kings and editors and verminous persons are entitled to the plural pronoun. We could scarcely have alluded to ourselves as several members, could we?

G. R. W. writes, "Could you really tell me what can be done to put my forehead and nose back to its right shape? In my forehead just over the nose there is a hollow about the size of a two-shilling piece. My dear editor, when I am out-of-doors everybody seems to be skitting and laughing at my nose and shouting after me." Do they sing the refrain:—

"Ah! de ton nez, de ton nez
Tous les nez sont étonnés"?

H. J. O. (Brighton).—You write like a shilling shocker. We can only suggest that you should consult Mr. William Le Queux, who is always ready to advise princesses in distress. Meanwhile, keep calm.

J. T. W. (Paterson, N.J.) writes to complain about "the arrogance and insolence of the U.S. Senate." What is that?

H. G. C. (Natal) says charitable people should spend their money on "poor whites" in England rather than try to christianize Kaffirs. He attributes the black peril to missionaries.

R. H. S. (Wellingborough) ordered a coat for a wedding and found it "quite 3 inches too small and would not button up only under extreme pressure." What a bore!

C. B. (Worthing) says third-class passengers lead a dog's life if they do not tip stewards on boats. And nine cats'-lives if they do?

C. McD. (Liverpool).—Your sentiments are admirable, if trite, but your poetry is almost as bad as Kipling's. "All labour is sweet," you say. What about hard labour?

G. L. (Glasgow) says refuse cotton is now used for making cordite, and the results may be disastrous.

"NIB."—We are inclined to agree that the best way to repeal bad Acts is for the people to refuse to obey them. But that is a cumbrous and sometimes painful process.

"Can you Hit the Bull's-Eye?"—See page 682.

Glorious Health for every Sufferer

MISERIES OF INDIGESTION

In Stomach and Bowel.

COMPLETELY CURED BY CICFA.

A man of 40, who suffered tortures from Heartburn, stated that he often felt, after eating, as though he had swallowed a mouthful of powerful acid, which rose again and again in his throat, while sour offensive gases were expelled from time to time, and on occasions not only did the gas rise, but the whole contents of the Stomach were vomited. His head often felt as tender and painful as his stomach, its throbbing and aching always being worse when the Stomach was most sour and full of gas. The heart, too, palpitated as the head throbbed.

THESE SYMPTOMS HE CALLED "MISERY."

If the patient needed any further proof of the cause of all this trouble, it was only necessary to look at the white-coated tongue, or to note the offensive breath. The ever-increasing weakness made what had once been painful symptoms, become in time absolute torture.

Yet this patient was suffering from what is too often lightly called "Indigestion." Those are the actual symptoms as described by the patient, and let us say they are the symptoms of Indigestion *in the stomach*. They have not been magnified in the least, but that is not all. This man also suffered twinges of Rheumatism and Gout. His teeth on edge and a bitter taste in his mouth in the morning. The condition of his over-burdened liver was such that he always claimed that he could tell when the wind was in the East before he rose from his bed. He described all that as "Misery," but when he spoke of the restless, wakeful nights and days of obstinate Constipation and Flatulence, with awful griping, and the cold perspiration which it frequently caused, he declared it was "Agony."

NOT "INDIGESTION" BUT STOMACH INDIGESTION.

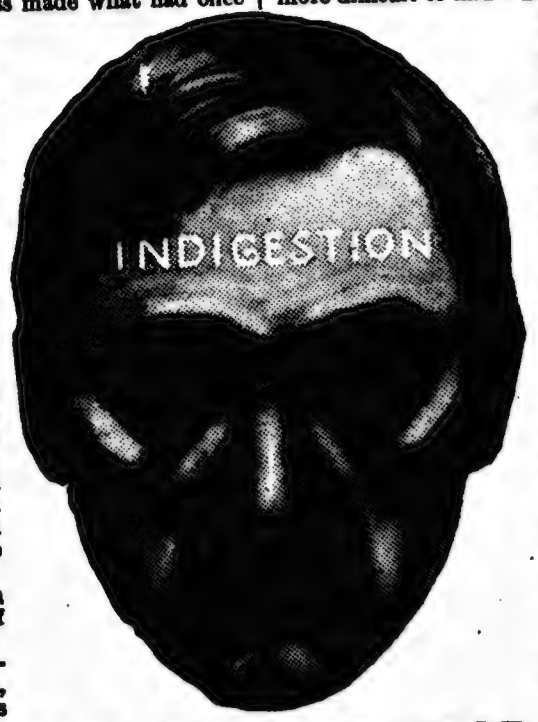
Neither he nor those who advised him knew that these were the symptoms of Indigestion *in the Bowel*.

To say that that patient had tried everything gives but a slight idea of the dosing, the starving, the dieting, the purging which is always so weakening, the dreadful misery of the Stomach Pump, and with it all the greater pain of finding each successive treatment bring the same fruitless results. It is not surprising that that patient was sceptical when advised, even by his family physician, to take Cicfa, and though assured that it would cure him, he had not the slightest faith.

MISERIES CAUSED BY INDIGESTION.

Yet Cicfa cured him, absolutely cured him, and although it took a little time, he had derived such benefit by the time he had finished the free sample which we sent him that it required no further urging to induce him to purchase a supply and continue the treatment.

It would be impossible to find a healthier man to-day, and perhaps more difficult to find a happier. To sleep calmly without even waking through heart palpitation, to rise refreshed with an appetite for breakfast, to eat anything that may be desired without any fear of heartburn, to be a stranger to Flatulence and Constipation, to find work a pleasure, these are a few of the symptoms of glorious health now enjoyed by this man whose story we have briefly told.



SPECIAL VALUE OF CICFA FREE SAMPLE

Whether you suffer as this man did or in lesser degree, Cicfa will cure you as it cured him. The cost is trivial, the free sample alone is sufficient to cure in thousands of cases. Send to-day, right now, for that free sample, and you will be amazed at your improvement in a few days. Many of your symptoms will have disappeared, and even the worst symptoms will be lessened, and soon you will again enjoy the greatest of all pleasures—that is perfect health.

If you wish to know *how Cicfa cured*, and *why it cured* you will find all that fully explained in simple language in the "Cicfa" booklet, which we will send you together with a large free sample of this wonderful remedy.

Post us your name and address, one penny stamp, and the coupon below to-day, and you will receive the Cicfa by the second morning's post.

CICFA CURED THESE PERSONS—READ WHAT THEY SAY.

Miss A., of Teddington, writes:—"Some months since I was suffering from indigestion, and had been suffering nearly all my life. My doctor gave me 'CICFA Tablets,' and they did me so much good during the first week that he recommended me to go on taking them; they are invaluable for curing Indigestion and making one generally feel well, and my friends all say how well I look since I took CICFA. I have recommended them to many friends, all of whom are greatly pleased with the results."

Mr. B. P., of Wing, Leighton-Buzzard, writes:—"I suffered shockingly from Indigestion, with Constipation and Colic pains. Nothing gave me any relief until I got 'CICFA.' It has completely cured me, and I have no Indigestion or Constipation. I can eat or drink anything now, although in the past I could scarcely eat anything, and then always suffered with Gas and Colic. I said the other night I would not be without CICFA for all the world. I thank you again very kindly for the sample—it is worth its weight in gold."

Mr. E. B., of Ashford, Kent, writes:—"I suffered for years with Bowel Indigestion, so that I was afraid to eat because of the pain that followed. I have tried heaps of other medicines, but nothing ever did me any good. CICFA has cured me. My nights are now so much better. I shall recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. C. says:—"NINETEEN out of twenty cases of Constipation are due to Bowel Indigestion, but not ONE in twenty persons knows it." He always prescribes Cicfa.

YOU NEED THE CICFA PENCIL.

It holds a dozen Cicfa Tablets, so that you can always carry it about and have Cicfa handy, and take it unobserved when you wish. It is exquisitely finished in "Goldene." As a pencil nothing could be more convenient. Sold by all Chemists, or direct from us, price 6d.

Travelling always gives you Constipation. That's not your Liver. it is Bowel Indigestion. CICFA prevents and cures every case of Indigestion.

CICFA is prepared in chocolate-coated tablets and sold by all chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct from **Capsuloids (1909) Ltd., 79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.**

IMPORTANT TO YOU.

Remember that the Free Sample CURES in thousands of cases. If you suffer from any form of Indigestion our sample will convince you that CICFA is the cure.

If you take CICFA you will soon be able to eat anything you desire at any time.

Indigestion makes life unendurable, and CICFA is positively the only cure for it.

COUPON FOR FREE CICFA

I enclose my name and address clearly written on a piece of paper with this coupon and one penny stamp for postage, for a sample of this wonderful CICFA. I have never before applied directly or indirectly for a sample of CICFA.

[*John Bull*, *May* 25, 1912.

CICFA

CAPSULOIDS (1909) Ltd., 79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

50 ct. size from Capsuloid Co. at Brockville, Canada, and at Morristown, N.Y., U.S.A.

OUR GREAT COMPETITION.

CAN YOU HIT THE BULL'S EYE?

PRELIMINARY TRIAL.

We have instituted what we believe will be a very popular competition, in which all may join, consisting of

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE,

and we hope as soon as the competition is in working order to be able to award prizes amounting to

£500 PER WEEK,

and later on, as the number of entries increases, to raise the amount to

£1,000 PER WEEK.

In the meantime, we have decided upon an Experimental Co-operative Scheme under which Competitors shall provide a Fund, THE WHOLE OF WHICH—FREE OF ANY DEDUCTION FOR EXPENSES—*will be distributed as follows:—*

1st PRIZE, 25 per cent.;
2nd PRIZE, 15 per cent.;
3rd PRIZE, 10 per cent.;
And Fifty Prizes of 1 per cent. for the best attempts to
HIT THE BULL'S EYE.

The competition consists in completing any one of the unfinished Bull's Eyes appearing below. The answers must be crisp and to the point, and the prizes will be awarded to those readers who, in the judgment of the Editor—whose decision is to be absolutely final—hit the Bull's Eye in the clearest and sharpest form. The other Bull's Eyes will guide them as to the style they should adopt, and the finishing of the incomplete ones should afford much amusement and, at the same time, instruction.

All Bull's Eyes must be sent in on the form on this page, and a postal order for 6d. must accompany each coupon. Postal orders must be made payable to JOHN BULL *and crossed "& Co." Competitors sending more than one Coupon may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount to cover the whole of the Coupons, at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon. Write your name and address on the back of the Postal Order, and also put the number of the Postal Order on the Coupon. Coupon will be found on this page. Not more than* TWO *attempts may appear on any* ONE COUPON *and the Sixpence covers the entrance fee of both. Any Bull's Eye may be varied any number of times.*

The Bull's Eyes selected for the Competition are numbered, and it is not necessary to repeat the printed portion of the lines, as long as the numbers are mentioned on the coupons.

We wish it to be understood that the prizes will be awarded strictly on MERIT *and without any regard to the population of towns, or any other ulterior consideration. Competitors, however, should bear in mind that* NOVELTY *is an important consideration in selecting the successful Bull's Eyes.*

BULL'S EYES.

Isn't Germany's a "too-powerful" standard?
What do the French think of the Sidney Street affair *now?*
What if Alsace-Lorraine takes "French leave"?
Wasn't a new system of "ventilation" needed at the Law Courts?
Would mixed bathing at Southend lead to "mudlarking"?

Mr. McKenna thinks that for a publican to dilute beer is a "trivial offence." The working man who drinks it will have his own opinion.

(1) The young woman charged with stealing a bag in church evidently . . . .

Golf caddies must now be insured, it appears. But they are already at a premium on most links.

The bathing machine is doomed, we are told. But surely it is a bare necessity.

"Motor-'bus in Curio Shop," reads a heading. Now if it had been a horse-drawn one.

A doctor describes the sending of "hampers" to schoolboys as "barbarous." But it is not sending them that makes a boy savage.

(2) It is stated that the hobble-skirt has caused serious loss in the drapery trade. Even the wearers . . . .

Swanage Urban Council has decided to let members smoke during its meetings. The "pipe of peace," we trust.

It is proposed to erect a memorial to Dick Turpin at Brough, Yorks. When is the late Charles Peace to be honoured?

"The reason why there is not more reform is that not enough people are dreaming," says the Rev. T. Rhondda Williams. Not enough people are awake, we should say.

An orchid that winks at passers-by is being exhibited. Blooming cheek.

"Ink-Slinging Terror at Work," reads a headline. No allusion to Jim Crow, this time.

(3) American Suffragettes are urging coloured women to join them. We should have thought . . . .

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 5.

We have decided to divide the first three prizes among the following competitors in respect to the terminations printed in italics:—

MR. HUGH CHILCOTT, 64, Warwick Street, Leamington Spa; for "The only ratepayer in Leamington, Shropshire, has been appointed overseer. He will have to *be 'Boss' without the 'Co.'*"

(1) MR. FRANK SMITH, 136, Barnsbury Road, N.;
(2) MR. F. P. LEE, 6, Church Road, Maxton, Dover.
(3) MR. TOM WILBERFORCE, Nursery Cottages, Tehidy, Camborne, Cornwall,

for the respective terminations printed in italics to the following Bull's Eye:

"'Love—and What Then?' is the title of a recent play. The answer is:—

(1) *A 'beau' and a quiver full.*
(2.) *As strange as the question; perhaps a little 'stranger.'*
(3.) *First the 'Union'; then the Workhouse*"; and

MR. BERNARD M. STANTON,
18, Orlando Road, Clapham Common,

for "It is stated that women are the best motor car drivers. Yet they are *always discarding bonnets and running into shops.*"

The following competitors are awarded prizes of 10s.—

Miss M. Cowe, 34, Saughtonhall Drive, Edinburgh; Mrs. W. Brown, 22, Mardale Crescent, Edinburgh; F. Haydon Gregory, Taffowell, Cardiff, South Wales; C. Koop, 13, Fulham Park Gardens, S.W.; Mr. D. Holden, 49, Chrisp Street, Poplar, E.; R. Herbert, 53, High Road, Balham, London, S.W.; W. A. Randell, 46, St. John Street, Oxford; W. T. Litton, 44, Musgrove Road, New Cross, S.E.; W. F. R. Mist, "Collingwood," South Canterbury Road, Canterbury; W. K. Lowndes, 12, Stockport Road, Cheadle Heath, Stockport; R. Wright, 11, Moyser Road, Streatham; C. Swan, The Royal Standard, Westerham, Kent; E. Ward, 150, Pershore Road, Selby Park, Birmingham; W. Wright, 36, Piccadilly, W.; T. S. Johnston, 51, Clapham Road, Anfield, Liverpool; V. Bridges, 27, Hanbury Road, Clifton, Bristol; Miss M. Gray, c.o. R. Greir, Esq., "The Birches," 69, St. James Road, Brixton; W. J. Carter, 151, Glenfarg Road, Catford, S.E.; T. Salathiel, Grouse Nantyglo, Mon., South Wales; W. Murdoch, 270, Great Western Road, Glasgow; H. Leigh, 15, Poplar Grove, Cadishead, Lancs.; J. L. Searle, 50, Highland Road, Southsea, Portsmouth; W. Stivin, Sunnybank, Downfield, Dundee; N. S. Arnold, Norton Court, Nr. Taunton, Som.; Miss F. Haworthe, "Heidebeig," Hale Road, Bowdon, Cheshire; J. Pegnall, 122, Ellen Street, Hove, Sussex; H. S. Bryant, 21, Cathcart Hill, London, N.; J. N. Fraser, Victoria Terr., Lenzie, Glasgow; F. G. Young, 6, Abbeville Mansions, Clapham, S.W.; T. V. Ford, 54, Cymmer Road, Dinas, Rhondda; A. Morton, 272, Foleshill Road, Coventry; E. Flintoff, 3, St. Mary's Walk, Harrogate; J. J. Humphreys, 30, Fortescue Avenue, Hackney, N.E.; W. Speldrick, 14, Valentines Road, Ilford, Essex; J. A. Mills, Winterton, Ferryhill, Co. Durham; R. Rook, Boughton, Faversham, Kent; H. Morton, 112, City Road, Bristol; W. Thornton, 22, Terrace Road, Handsworth, Staffordshire; T. G. Griffiths, 2, Giltar Terrace, Penally, Pembrokeshire; R. Strutt, 9, Haggard Road, Twickenham; E. Gale, 4, Linden Road, Romsey, Hants; W. R. Price, 20, Colwyn Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire; L. G. Young, 31, Cromwell Road, Montpelier, Bristol; W. H. Briggs, City Treasurer's Office, Municipal Buildings, Leeds; A. W. Dolloud, Westcroft, Salisbury Road, Carshalton; Miss E. Richmond, 8, Arlington Villas, Clifton, Bristol; J. R. Cox, 43, Elmscote Road, Warwick; H. Bishop, 7, Bonsor Road, Folkestone; F. N. Drake, 139, Arncliffe Terrace, Gt. Horton, Bradford; C. Hoare, Nordons, Bridport, Dorset.

BULL'S EYE COUPON.

Postal Order No.

JOHN BULL, *May* 25, 1912.

I enter JOHN BULL *Bull's Eye Competition (issue of May* 25, 1912) *on the terms stated in such issue.*

Name _____

Address _____

_____

I select Bull's Eye No. *and suggest the following finish:—*

Not more than 12 *words.* _____

I select Bull's Eye No. *and suggest the following finish:—*

Not more than 12 *words.* _____

Competitors need not select more than one Bull's Eye unless they care to do so. Postal Order for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon and be crossed "& Co." Coupon must be sent not later than WEDNESDAY NEXT, *May 29th, to Bull's Eye Editor,* JOHN BULL, *93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.*

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF HAIR GROWTH.

We have great pleasure in drawing our readers' attention to the most extraordinary series of letters which appear below. All those who have any kind of hair trouble, or on whom the unwelcome fact of Baldness is either approaching or has arrived, will be well repaid by a careful study of such marvellous statements, fully verified as they are, by the names and addresses of the various writers.

As the numbers show, these are but a selection of nearly 20,000 such letters.

QUITE LONG AND THICK.

HAMMERSMITH, W.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—Two years ago the hair came off the back of my head, leaving a place the size of a five-shilling piece. I tried two other hair-growing preparations for some months without the least benefit. Six months ago I saw your advertisement. I decided to try your treatment which you so kindly sent me. After using as directed for a very short period, I asked my wife to see if there was any hair coming on the bare place, and to my surprise she said: "Yes, I can see more than a dozen hairs sprouting up." I finished up the supply, and in less than a month the hair was as long and thick as on any other part of my head. I have told dozens about it, and given your address, and shall do my best in this way to thank you for what you have done for me.

C. SANGER.

3178 BALD FOR 20 YEARS.

NORTHCOTE ROAD,
WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—Kindly forward me a triple supply of your hair-restoring treatment. Am perfectly satisfied with the last I had; indeed, my hair has grown several inches, and I have been bald over twenty years.

Mr. JOHN COLES.

8257 BALD FOR MANY YEARS.

BOSCOMBE.

Dear Sir,—After being bald on the top of my head for many years, and gradually getting worse after trying so many preparations, I am very pleased to tell you that there is quite a growth of hair where I was quite bald. I am recommending it to all I know.

M. SYM.

7272 EXCEEDINGLY PLEASED.

PAISLEY.

Dear Sir,—I am exceedingly pleased to let you know that the supply of your preparations has been an entire success. The hair has started to grow on the top of my head at a rapid rate, where I have been quite bald for a good number of years. I will soon have as good a head of hair as ever I had.

ALLAN SCOTT.

10263 YOUNG GIRL BALD 5 YEARS.

WITHINGTON, MANCHESTER.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—I am pleased to tell you that your hair-growing pomade is simply marvellous. This is the case of a young girl fifteen years of age, and bald for about five years. We were quite weary of trying remedies that did not do one bit of good, until we purchased yours, the effect of which I have told you.

L. COFFEY.

2092 NEW HAIR AFTER 12 YEARS.

SOUTH BENFLEET, ESSEX.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—Will you please forward me a triple supply of your preparations? I am greatly pleased with the effects of the last lot that I have used. After having lost my hair between twelve and fifteen years, I find through using your preparations that new hairs are beginning to show themselves, and the growth is proceeding most encouragingly.

A. COOMBS.

9245 HAIR LOST 14 YEARS AGO.

NEW SHOREHAM.

Dear Sir,—Kindly send me a triple supply of your preparations. The supply you sent me has produced beyond my expectation, as I thought my hair would never come back again, but I am thankful to say there is a nice growth of hair coming. I have been without hair on the top of my head about fourteen years or over. I think this result remarkable after all this time.

G. DAW.

7013 BALD SINCE 14.

DURHAM.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—I received your hair grower all right, and have applied it according to instructions. I am very pleased to inform you that I find great improvement. I have been troubled with baldness for ten years now, although I am only twenty-four. Sufficient improvement has been made since using your preparation to justify a full and proper trial. I am therefore forwarding P.O. for a further supply.

J. F. BROWN.

DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY.

EASTWOOD, NOTTS.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh,—I am very pleased indeed with your hair grower, and only wish that I could have had some of it years ago. I can safely say that your preparations have done more than any other I have ever used. I shall not forget to recommend your treatment to my friends.

GEORGE NEWTON.

YOU CAN GROW NEW HAIR

I have perfected a New Method of Scientific Hair Growing which is showing evidence of remarkable success in apparently hopeless cases of Baldness and loss of Hair. My Treatment quickly effects a wonderful improvement in the Quality, Texture and Growth of the Hair. After eight days the hair becomes bright and glossy, all traces of scurf and dandruff disappear, and the clogged hair follicles are prepared for renewed hair growth.

Henceforward the rapidity of the Hair growth is remarkable. Hair ceases to fall out, and a new growth of small, firm, natural coloured hair makes appearance over the scanty and bald places and develops with all the vigour of youth.

MR. WYN WEAVER, the well-known actor, AS HE WAS.

After using my Treatment for a short period.

NO MAN OR WOMAN NEED BECOME GREY OR REMAIN BALD IF THIS TREATMENT IS ADOPTED, AND USED ACCORDING TO THE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS.

GROWS HAIR WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL

That the new Treatment is doing all that is claimed for it is evidenced by the hundreds of testimonials that are being received without solicitation of any kind. I make no assertion in respect to other widely-advertised hair remedies, but simply ask you to test my new perfected treatment and compare the results with those obtained before. This offer is not only addressed to all those whose hair is grey or falling out, or who are completely bald, but it is also made more especially for the benefit of those who have vainly tried other specifics.

Many people complain that the hair-growing powers of the majority of Hair Dressings, Lotions and Tonics are so small that one is usually compelled to buy dozens of bottles to produce an appreciable result. Not so with my treatment, which is a genuine hair grower, economical in use, and also a pleasant, refreshing and hygienic dressing, daily making the hair more lustrous, silky and luxuriant.

To make the merits of my method of New Hair Culture quickly known I have arranged to distribute Five Hundred full-size 3s. 6d. Boxes of my Hair Treatment to the readers of this paper.

500 FULL SIZE 3/6 BOXES ARE BEING DISTRIBUTED TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL." FREE

Send six stamps to help defray the cost of packing and forwarding and other out-of-pocket expenses of this offer, and a regular size 3s. 6d. Box of my True Hair Growing Treatment in preparatory form will be sent to you in a plain sealed wrapper. Address:

WRITE TO-DAY MR. J. CRAVEN-BURLEIGH (Dept. 73), 92, Great Russell Street, London.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
["*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, "*Double U. L.*" *of* LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.]

Medley.

I hear that a certain assumed name, supposedly that of a lady, really refers to half a dozen in a little syndicate.

I do dislike those who try to "get a bit" on racecourses by too sharp practice, either in backing something in running by fielding under the odds, or especially by having a bet when it is an absolute certainty that a horse has already won or something else in opposition is well beaten, or has been left at the post.

The Committee of the Surrey County Cricket Club have again granted me the use of Kennington Oval for what used to be my regular annual cricket match, in aid of charity, between the Jockeys and Champion Athletes, but I fear being unable to find time to do all the essential work, which means so much, but is so little appreciated.

All the jockeys who have been out there declare that the life and the climate in South Africa are much preferable to here, although it is somewhat rough living, and the racing is of poor class. Considering the type of animals competing, the stakes are really good, and at one or two places, such as Durban, they have from twenty to twenty-two days' racing a year, while, of course, Johannesburg is the centre of sport.

In every sense is the owner only the owner of a horse, for he has as little control over what is done as the man in the street, and at the same time probably talks less. I know of a case in which the owner, after carefully saving an animal to compete at a certain local meeting out of sentiment, was staggered to learn on the very eve of the fixture that the horse would not be able to run because he had just been given physic. What is the use of making entries and paying heavy fees when one has not the slightest command over his own property?

Prophetic.

A week of an enormous amount of sport without anything of real consequence. If he has not run previously at York, WHISPERING CAPTAIN will go very close for the Stand Selling Welter at Salisbury to-day (Thursday), while Windsor should allow that nice colt, MONOTONE, to gain the Three Year Old Handicap; but if, as possible, he absents, SVETEC would win it—and not be favourite. There is nothing of the immediate future that we should meddle with, as the result of the Derby is quite in the air, and one wants to wait to see what the elements provide rather than how the horses are doing, or what the market suggests.

FOREIGN SWEEPSTAKES.

Our Special Commissioner was present at Mr. H. Diamond's Derby Sweepstake Draw, but his report could not reach us in time for the present issue. He has also arranged personally to conduct the draw for the half-guinea Derby and Oaks private sweepstakes organised by J. F. Awbery, which will take place on the 30th inst., and a full report of which will be published by us in due course.

RUFUS WEBB.

With regard to the statement *re* the firm of Rufus Webb, of 26, Sackville Street, W., which appeared in our issue of May 11th, we find that the matter in respect of which the complaint was made to us arose before the present proprietors took over the business, but, notwithstanding this, they have themselves settled the matter with the person making the claim, and have a receipt in full settlement. They have further invited us to make the fullest investigation into their methods of business.

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Whereas I, CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN, carrying on business as a Turf Accountant at 24-26, Maddox Street, London, W., owner of "Captain Bell," "Sandbay," "Victor de Wet" and other horses, have been and am continually being impersonated, both in London and on racecourses, beg to give notice to the public that I am in no way connected with any other business whatsoever at any other address than at 24-26, Maddox Street, aforesaid.

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The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 27th :—

8181	148553	346794	499895	601659
11369	158295	368751	500624	611930
18787	169877	381053	510535	640067
39566	185314	396400	530678	651260
59573	190433	411734	551260	656003
80086	197131	416954	561006	689337
91517	214760	430350	570922	699114
100201	219859	450061	586128	717698
107663	315059	469091	593481	759042
120618	329699	486517	597757	794000

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 22ND (PUBLISHED JUNE 20TH, 1912).

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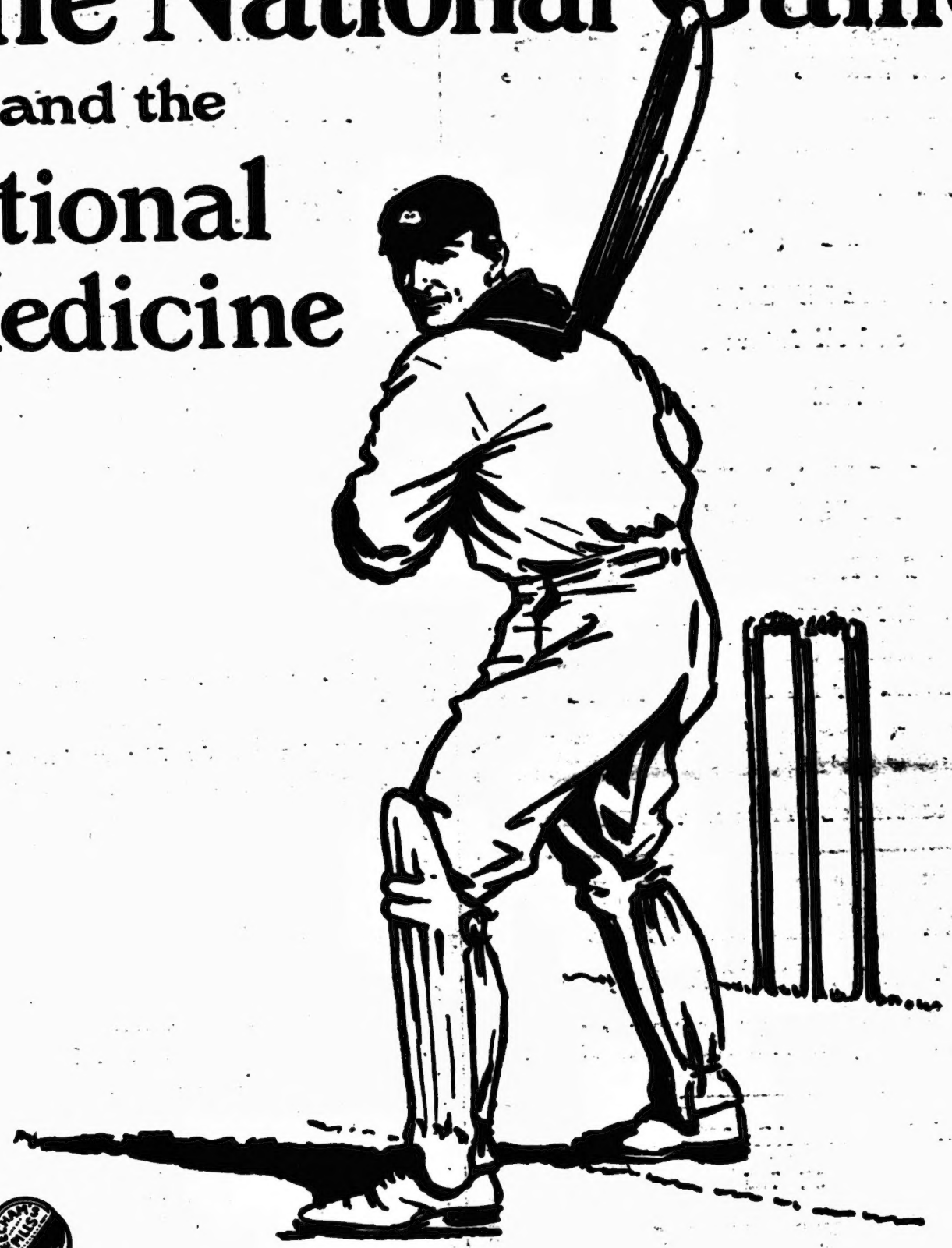

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